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Contradiction at Chicago

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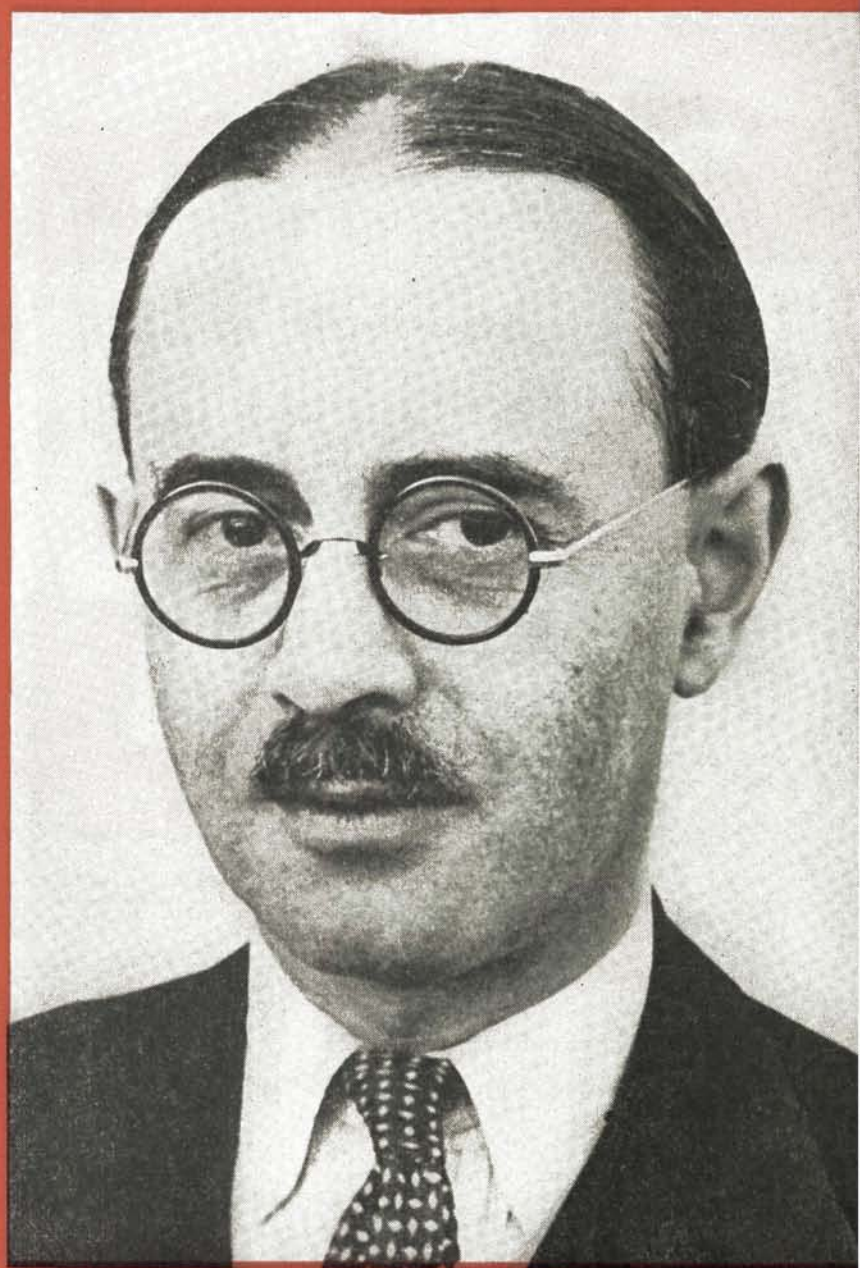

Wm. Vandivert

HAROLD J. LASKI strikes off some stimulating ideas.
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The Saturday Review of Literature

Prose without Patches

A PREVIEW OF "FINAL EDITION"

E. F. BENSON

TO make your meaning clear, as everybody knows, is the first essential in decent prose. I demand that prose should have a certain intrinsic beauty of its own quite apart from the meaning it conveys. This beauty is quite consistent with the utmost lucidity and does not depend at all on decoration. The best example I know of this unelaborated lucid beauty is the Gospels in the Authorized Version of the New Testament: their style reminds one of Holbein's portrait of the Duchess of Milan. To take a random passage, quite divorced, I must repeat, from the significance (to some) of its contents, I should choose this: "Come unto me all ye that travail and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart and ye shall find rest for your souls." No one who has an ear for prose can fail to appreciate that. And for economy and directness was there ever a story so well told as the parable of the Prodigal Son?

I am not a friend of the purple patch: in fact I dislike it exceedingly. It interrupts my pleasure in reading simple ordered prose as much as hiccoughs. But I dislike it not because it is purple but because it is a patch. Prose of rich and sustained splendor is part of our great heritage of literature, and, in search of it, I go to the same volume from which I have quoted. In the Old Testament the books of "Job" and of the prophets furnish me with the noblest examples of that splendor. It therefore dismays me to find that others considered these to be tinsel from the Orient and that, instead of the Old Testament being a corner-stone on which so much that was magnificent in the English tongue was founded, its influence has been extremely harmful and that a mistaken admiration for it has retarded the native and natural growth of the language towards its ultimate perfection.

I particularly studied the art of biography. Broadly speaking, the modern biographer seems to conduct his dissections with the view primarily of

E. F. Benson

exposing the littlenesses and defects of the character on whom he performed his marvellously skilful surgery. This was a natural and healthy reaction against the practice of Victorian biographers. To them death automatically transformed the eminent into miracles of wisdom and virtue, and in their hands they became retrospectively inhuman. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* was never a good formula for the biographer, but it had deteriorated into *De mortuis nil nisi* bunkum, which was infinitely worse. Any fault or failing that made the memorialized even so little lower than the angels was ruthlessly suppressed in the determination to produce a figure whose proper place was a stained-glass window. If he was of a miserly mind we were told that his playful little economies only endeared him to his friends; if he brutally swept aside anyone who stood in the way of his career that he was a man of undeviating purpose; if he was a liar that he had a glittering imagination.

Sir Edmund Gosse, that witty and ardent biographer, applied this formula too freely. In his reminiscences of R. L. Stevenson, he protested that he could not recall a single fault in the character of that very human personage; or in his life of Swinburne he told us that in one particular year the poet's health was more unsatisfactory than ever, which is a scarcely legitimate periphrasis for what he meant. Only in his book about his father did he exhibit that filial frankness which was soon to become so strong a characteristic of modern biography. But this reaction was now perhaps going to excessive lengths. Instead of suppressing a man's failings, the biographer made it his first care to suppress his fine qualities, or to present them in a ridiculous light, and to emphasize his faults to the point of falsity. No doubt this made more piquant reading, but the result was no less a caricature than the Victorian stained-glass window. Sons and daughters were eager iconoclasts, and in place of the piety with which in Victorian days they had chiselled stainless marble monuments to their parents, they now scattered their deformed bones about the pit, and the Levitical prohibition against seething a kid in its mother's milk became an injunction on the kid to seethe its mother in filial corrosiveness.

Fiction, in the hands of new and distinguished authors, was undergoing a corresponding sea-change. It was pickled in brine, and over its pages moved pillars of salt, like Lot's wife, observing without prejudice the Cities of the Plain. It made its studies of morality in the monkey-house and followed its heroines to the water-closet. I was not shocked at these revelations, for I knew that such things happened, but I got tired of the frugal repetition of these subjects. I should have liked some of these authors just for a chance to expose (even with a furtive air of betraying guilty secrets) fine impulses and high endeavor. The mirror which it is the function of Art to hold up to Nature, seemed to be always adjusted to reflect what lies below the belt: the heart and the brain (with the exception of the department of sexual urge) were outside the field of vision. I did not miss the message that this literature conveyed: it said, plainly enough, that

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sexual desire is as natural a craving as hunger or thirst which everybody knew before. No doubt this boom in promiscuity was partly due to reaction, for an undue reticence had been Victorianly observed about sexual instincts as if they were inherently disgraceful, though when sanctified by the Voice that breathed o'er Eden, they became True Love. But now the reaction went too far: the faintest echo of the Voice that breathed o'er Eden spoiled everything. And the most unsatisfactory feature in these coitions was that the partners in them seemed to care for the act more than they cared for each other. They ceased to exist for each other when the desire was satisfied, and many of these stories, however readable, had no more psychical significance than an account of a hungry man at his dinner. . . . There were, of course, many other authors who, already established, continued writing in their accustomed modes with their accustomed skill, but I was astonished to find through how monotonous a country the new fiction was passing, how lacking in wide prospects.

But it was biography that occupied me most. I was not so antiquely minded as to wish to go back to Victorian modes, but the delving for belittlement seemed to produce results which were equally wide of the truth. My chief danger, the foe by my fireside, was the facility with which I could write readably: that was a handicap rather than an asset, a temptation rather than a stimulus unless one had something definitely worth saying. My life of Drake had appeared and Edmund Gosse, the most perceptive and also the least compromising of English critics, had much encouraged me when he wrote to tell me that novelists alone should be allowed to write biography. He meant, as he explained, that biography was primarily a study of character and, indeed, I was far more concerned with what people were than what they did: to get as near as possible to them themselves was the ultimate aim. A man's achievements could be easily learned from the "Dictionary of National Biography," but they were often a misleading clue, or, at any rate, did not lead to the centre. There were men of action, whose career had been one record of relentless success, but was only their façade. Lord Kitchener, for instance, all his life had gone from strength to strength, doing work in Egypt and South Africa which none but he could have handled, and finally he had saved England, in her hour of dark peril, raising by sheer force of will an army of a million men, which was so much his own that it was known as Kitchener's Army. He might well have been thought to have embodied himself in what he had achieved. Yet he wrote to his best friend, one of the two human beings to whom he was not impenetrable, just before he embarked on the *Hampshire:* "I want to do better work before I get my release." Only he himself, the man that he *was,* knew what quality he had always missed in it and that sentence was the key (though perhaps it was never turned in the lock) to the living-rooms behind the façade.

I READ not long ago in some essay full of wit and fireworks that by the time most autobiographical writers address themselves to their task they seemed to have forgotten, through the senile decay of memory, everything in their lives which was worth recording. That discouraging verdict haunted me: I turned it over and over in my mind while I was meditating on the pages that follow, but came to the conclusion that, however just it might prove to be in the case that now concerned me, a court of appeal would not, in nine cases out of ten, uphold it. Indeed, as I thought over various very entertaining volumes of the sort which I had recently read, it appeared to me that not only had their writers retained their recollective powers in the most amazing manner, but that some of them had brought up, as an almost unnecessary reinforcement to memory, the powerful aid of imagination. Not only did they remember and record interesting experiences which had never happened to themselves, but experiences which had never happened to anybody. One distinguished writer, for instance, told us how on the days of national anxiety preceding the death of King Edward VII, he had driven, evening after evening, to the gates of Buckingham Palace to read the bulletins posted there. Always round the gates there was so thick a crowd gathered on the same errand, that the police had to make way for his motor to approach them. But, as a matter of flat fact, the King was not seriously ill till the day before he died, and up to that evening there had not been issued any bulletin at all, nor could there have been a crowd pressing to read it. I am inclined to believe that our autobiographist did make that one expedition to read that one bulletin, and that it produced so poignant an impression on him that, in the lapse of years, his imagination got to work on it, multiplying it subconsciously into a series of expeditions. It was not his memory that had failed but his imagination that had followed. But it would be pedantic to call such a result a falsification of fact: it was rather an enhancement of fact.

This article is drawn from a forthcoming book, "Final Edition," to be published by Appleton Century.

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"Grand Presidential Auction Sale," a drawing from "Puck," inspired by the American Presidential campaign of 1888.

A Strong Man in the White House?

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY: AN INTERPRETATION. By Harold J. Laski. New York: Harper & Brothers. 278 pp. 1940. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IT may seem remarkable that we have had to wait for an Englishman to write the first book of a philosophical character upon the presidency. When Americans like ex-President Benjamin Harrison, ex-President Taft, and various political scientists have dealt with the topic, it has been in strictly practical vein. Yet the English interest in the office is natural. Congress is in many ways not unlike Parliament; but the presidency is totally unlike the prime ministership. In fact, it is unique among the world's political institutions. And Mr. Laski has had exceptional opportunities for studying it. To long residence in America, a lively interest in our politics, and a close connection with numerous Congressional and judicial figures, he has added some acquaintance with Franklin D. Roosevelt himself. His stimulating volume is perhaps colored by that fact. It is extremely favorable to a strong presidential authority as against the influence of Congress; and in the last eight years we have needed and profited from this strong executive power. Mr. Laski would have written a different book in a period when Congress was popular—say in 1928.

The most striking feature of the volume, considering its British origin, lies in its strongly favorable estimate of the presidency as an institution. Indeed, it treats the office much less critically than would many American writers. While much is said, crisply and penetratingly, upon its potentialities and limitations, nowhere does the book give a really thorough exploration of its chief weakness. This lies in the fact that (a) we have such inadequate means of making sure of the election of a really able executive; and the fact that (b) our stiff, inflexible system gives us so little power to get rid of a poor one promptly. The synchronization of a terrible crisis and an incompetent executive might easily result in disaster.

It is certainly true that the stature of Presidents has grown since James Bryce gave his well-known set of reasons why small men were usually chosen to the office. For one factor, the proportion of able men drawn into politics (though still too small) is greater than it was. Business life, which in the days of Carnegie, Rockefeller, and Morgan carried the best minds of the country into exploiting our natural resources, no longer exerts the irresistible pull it did. The public regards politics less as an exciting game, and more as an implement of national service. Again, Presidents in recent decades have become party leaders to a far greater extent than when Bryce wrote, and party leaders, who are usually strong men, have a better chance to become Presidents. Since the century began we have had three Presidents of very notable strength who have decidedly raised the average of ability. A nation which admires these men and values their achievements is not likely to be satisfied permanently with the Pierce-Arthur-Coolidge level.

Nevertheless, the defects inherent in the Presidential system remain. When it gears with Congress and the popular will the wheels of government spin; when it doesn't the four-year term may mean a three or four-year stoppage of the mechanism. The Fathers valued slowness and balance, which to them meant conservatism, deliberation, and the due protection of minority interests. We of this century place a greater value on celerity, for we know that emergencies can be both sudden and desperate. Mr. Laski is not wholly convincing when he remarks on this subject:

> For there is at least one test of the system that is, I think, decisive. There have been five considerable crises in American history. There was the need to start the new republic adequately in 1789; it gave the American people its natural leader in George Washington. The crisis of 1800 brought Jefferson to the Presidency; that of 1861 brought Abraham Lincoln. The war of 1914 found Woodrow Wilson in office; the great depression resulted in the election of Franklin Roosevelt. So far, it is clear, the hour has brought forth the man. . . .

On this some historical comment is permissible. The crisis of 1800 was

(*Continued on page* 13)

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Marxist-Keynesist Blend

MAX LERNER

IT is a new John Strachey who emerges from the covers of this book.* Remember the young aristocrat-Marxist who frightened English and American conservatives half out of their wits in his "Coming Struggle for Power," with its cocky assurance of the approaching triumph of the proletarians? Well, he is no longer so sure of himself. Ironically, his first book, which doomed capitalism in any form, appeared almost simultaneously with the election of Mr. Roosevelt and the triumph of Hitler. The seven years since then have been disillusioning years for Mr. Strachey. He gave us a brilliant economic analysis to support his views in "The Nature of Capitalist Crisis," but in his present book he retracts much of what he said there. His "Theory and Practice of Socialism" was a study of contracting economic systems in action and a paean on socialist planning. There is little mention of it here. In "What Are We to Do" there is a paean on a strong united-front labor party, but there is little in the present book on political tactics either. And after the writing of this book, Mr. Strachey definitely broke with the Communists over their attitude towards the war. The crack in Mr. Strachey's earlier convictions came with his little book "Hope in America," which although acceptable to the Communists in the United-Front period, was not really part of the traditional Marxist thinking. Already in that book Mr. Strachey thought that capitalism might be temporarily saved by an extensive governmental spending program. Ever since his writing of "The Nature of Capitalist Crisis," Mr. Strachey has become increasingly an economist, has gotten to know the views of the Keynsian economic school in England, and has swapped ideas as well as blows with the younger group around Mr. Keynes. This combination of external disillusionment and internal education has produced the present book.

It presents the most striking blend of Marxism and Keynesism in our literature—of the basic internal contradictions of capitalism on the one hand, and on the other hand of the possibility of keeping capitalism going

*A PROGRAMME FOR PROGRESS. By John Strachey. New York: Random House. 1940. 303 pp., with index. $3.

Ever since he wrote "The Nature of the Capitalist Crisis," John Strachey has swapped ideas as well as blows with the younger Keynes group.

through the governmental control of saving and investment. Actually, as Mr. S. Alexander points out in the February issue of the *Review of Economic Studies,* there has never been any reason except the self-imposed insulations of both schools, why the Keynsian and Marxian doctrines should not fit together. Each in its own way represents a powerful attack on the *laissez-faire* doctrine and the school of classical economics. It is interesting that Mrs. Joan Robinson, a follower of Keynes, speaks of him as having "breached the citadel of classical economics from within." Keynes has had an amazing influence in the past decade upon the economic policy both of capitalist democracies and the fascist governments as well.

Strachey's concern is with the problem of unemployment and with the task of full employment. The first of the three parts into which the book is divided is a masterful analysis, for the layman, of the economics of investment control. He starts with the basic contradictions of capitalism—the falling rate of profit due to surplus value, which makes it impossible either to cut wages (leading to underconsumption) or to raise them drastically (leading to the drying up of production). He avoids the dilemma by saying that the problem is neither with profits nor with wages, but primarily with investment. Progressive governments under democracies can put idle money back into investment channels through a program of governmental spending and tax programs which eat primarily into savings. But their attention would be directed primarily to interest and rent, rather than to the wages and profits. His program for progressives is an expansionist program, involving increased public works, further expenditures on the social services, governmental lending at low interest rates approaching zero, and taxation to redistribute income and to cut into savings. In this respect there is a striking similarity between his program and that of Mr. Stuart Chase, embodied in the "Six Modest Proposals" to the President, which is a chapter in his forthcoming book, "Idle Money, Idle Men."

Mr. Strachey is at his best in the second part of his book, involving an analysis of the New Deal which is probably the best yet in economic literature. The distinction that he draws here between the program of the Blum Government and that of the Roosevelt Government is especially interesting at a time when so many special pleaders in our own country are trying to equate them. His distinction runs in terms of Blum's attempt to tackle the problem of unemployment by raising wages and lowering hours, as contrasted with President Roosevelt's at least partial understanding of the need for confronting the realities of the investment process. Roosevelt, of course, lost his great opportunity in 1933 for a national policy of credit socialization and investment control, but after the depression of 1937 which Mr. Strachey interprets primarily as having been due to Roosevelt's return to orthodox budgetary ideas, he redeemed himself by a forthright lending-spending program.

Even more interesting, though far more fragmentary, is the third part of Mr. Strachey's book, an analysis of expansionism and investment control in the Nazi German economy. Strachey answers the question as to whether the Nazi regime is capitalist or socialist by pointing out that Hitler has achieved a full re-employment of German labor and all that this in-

(*Continued on page* 15)

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Norwegian Novel of the 1790's

MADAME DORTHEA. By Sigrid Undset. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1940. 351 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

SIGRID UNDSET, in this novel, writes for the first time neither of the thirteenth nor the twentieth century, but of the eighteenth. Trained to the way of meticulous, accurate research by her famous father, Fru Undset recreates the everyday life in central Norway of the 1790's easily and convincingly; as in "Kristin Lavransdatter" and "The Master of Hestviken" she shows complete authority over her materials. But "Madame Dorthea" is not a period piece, for country life in Norway is in many ways much as it was a hundred and fifty years ago. It is pulsatingly alive, and the accent is always on character. Remove the occasional reference to candle, buckled shoes, and coach, reshuffle the political status of the Scandinavian states, and it becomes a contemporary story.

Like many a minor masterpiece, "Madame Dorthea" is distinguished by its negative virtues. Its heroine has neither beauty nor glamor; the novel is not too long; there is hardly any "plot." When Dorthea's husband mysteriously disappears, the large family must radically change the pattern of their lives; the older boys go out into the beckoning world, and the mother, in somewhat straitened circumstances, prepares to bring up five children. There is hardly any conflict or struggle. There are no villains or heroes, no incredible characters or events; there is nothing merely picturesque. Again Sigrid Undset demonstrates that she has no superior among living novelists in character drawing and word painting. She creates completely a family and a community, paints interiors as skillfully with the pen as the Flemish masters painted them with the brush, and chronicles in an unforgettable manner the reluctant unfolding of a northern spring.

"Madame Dorthea" is not merely a book by a skillful writer; it is a book by a wise, tolerant, and understanding writer. There is a Scandinavian solidity in Sigrid Undset's pages, but there are haunting flashes of poetry as well; there is simplicity without sparseness, objectivity without coldness and indifference. Her breadth of mind, or perhaps superb sense of humor, is revealed when she puts aside her own religious bias and allows Dorthea to present a devastating indictment of Catholicism. The novel is realistic and sound in its psychology, but there is always present the feel of the mysterious and the unpredictable; a brooding melancholy gives to the simple story a grave dignity, never mere gloom.

From the painting by Sloit

There is a Scandinavian solidity in Sigrid Undset's pages.

Sigrid Undset has now joined the illustrious company of literary exiles —outside Britain scarcely a European writer of repute has escaped prison or exile. Fru Undset was forced to flee from her nine-hundred-year-old house at Lillehammer when the Nazis "rescued" Norway from the designing British. She has found a temporary haven in Sweden.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

HEART-THROBS FROM THE CLASSICS

Do you remember the Big Moments in literature that called forth the soul-stirring words which are quoted below? Allow 5 points if you can identify the speaker, and another 5 if you can also recall the title of the work in which he appears and its author. A score of 70 is par, 80 is good, 90 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 18.

1. "It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."
2. "Shoot if you must this old gray head, but spare your country's flag!"
3. "This rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I!"
4. "Parting is such sweet sorrow that I shall say goodnight till it be morrow."
5. "My soul ain't yours! It's been bought and paid for by One that is able to keep it. Ye may kill my body but ye can't harm my soul."
6. "Curfew must not ring tonight!"
7. "One, if by land, and two, if by sea; and I on the opposite shore will be, ready to ride and spread the alarm. . . . "
8. "When you say that, *smile!*"
9. "All for one, and one for all!"
10. "I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!"

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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CONTRADICTION AT CHICAGO

OUT of the unnumbered millions of words written or spoken at the late national conventions there came, at the end, one piece of literature*—the latter half of the President's acceptance speech. It was as clear, and as eloquent a statement of the situation confronting the people of the United States today as any man has ever made; and it was needed.

> The fact which dominates our world is the fact of successful armed aggression, aimed at the form of government, the kind of society, which we in the United States have chosen. . . . It is not an ordinary war. It is a revolution, which proposes not to set men free but to reduce them to slavery. This is the fact which dominates the lives of each and every one of us. All private plans, all private lives, have been in a sense repealed by an overriding public danger. . . . I have felt it my duty, my simple, plain, inescapable duty, to arouse my countrymen to the danger of new forces let loose in the world. . . . We face one of the great choices in history. It is the continuance of civilization as we know it, versus the ultimate destruction of all we have held dear.

The foregoing is somewhat abbreviated, and loses force thereby. As we heard it that night it had terrific force; no one can forget that crowd of twenty-five thousand people sitting in dead silence, a silence barely rippled by the fluttering of cardboard fans, and feeling themselves lifted up into a new dimension—lifted out of the petty politics of mechanics and detail, of deals and contrivances such as make up most of every national convention, and into the world of higher politics; the politics that deals with the fate of nations, and of the ideas and ideals that men live by. It was as if we had come out of the stew and stench and scramble of the subway rush into the cool austerity of an air-conditioned upper room.

Yet many of the delegates, and still more of the professional observers whose business it is to attend all conventions, went home from Chicago a little sick at the stomach, trying to reconcile themselves to not only an ethical but an intellectual contradiction. This lofty eloquence, this lucid exposition of the most important thing in the world today, had been preceded by an explanation of the President's attitude toward the nomination for which "disingenuous" is the politest adjective that can be found; this recall to the higher politics followed a display of the lower politics for which the same man was responsible. Harry Hopkins and the other "administration leaders" who stood out in front and took the odium were not managing the convention of themselves any more than the keys of my typewriter are writing these comments of themselves. The high politics and the low, the splendor and the pettiness, both flowed from the same source; and no wonder that the delegates, craving like most of us something clear and simple on which they could fix their hope and faith, found themselves not only ethically disturbed but intellectually baffled. *It simply didn't make sense.*

Perhaps it does, from a loftier and more comprehensive viewpoint; I do not know. I shall not attempt to probe the mind of my President; I can judge of its processes only by the events that are their end products. But I have a fairly good idea of the way the minds of some of his associates work, men of the inner New Deal who share his impulses if not his responsibility; and if they are open to criticism it is more on practical than on ethical grounds. A national convention, as I have said elsewhere, is not merely a somewhat inefficient piece of political machinery, but a time-hallowed festival of the national religion. As in the case of all such survivals, much of its ritual is now outmoded and meaningless, while some is actually obstructive and harmful. The New Dealers have the impatience of all reformers with obsolete forms; their minds are fixed on higher and larger objectives. This is not irony; I mean it. They see plainly that dominant fact of armed aggression and the public danger it has created; they know that as we hope for collective salvation, we must find the right answer. And they further believe—a conviction with which one may disagree, but which can be supported by respectable arguments—that the right answer *is a third term for Roosevelt.*

*ACCEPTANCE SPEECH, by Franklin D. Roosevelt, Washington, D. C. Your Newspaper, July 18, 1940.

Psalm for Today

By Ralph Friedrich

THIS, too, will pass and be no more than the leaping of a wave
In the calamitous sea of time, no more than that.
The wars of dinosaurs, the wars of men,
The splitting of the earth, the death of suns, the birth of stars:
These are recorded for a little while, but they are nothing.
Some years of grief, some days of terror, and some hours of joy,—
A century erases them, and they are lost.
What is the grief of David, or the love of Helen, or the exultation
Of a thousand men long perished? What are these?
A thousand years or two and they are words upon a page.
A million years and they are nothing.
There are dark stars in heaven, and red stars dying.
And there are youthful suns, and ancient planets.
How often has the drama been repeated and forgotten?

For this the earth flowered and was good a little while.
For this women conceived and bore, for this their labor
Split them with pain. For this their men erected
Temples and towers, and for this the strength of love
Led them to sow their seed for this, the terrible harvest.

Now in the bitter flowering of grief, the season of dread,
What is their agony when they remember
That once and only once they walk upon the earth, and that this journey
That might have been a journey into light
Is now defiled and leads them fiercely nightward
Into the final and corrupting darkness?
How can it be that anything save hate could live
Within the heart that knows its hope outraged, its dream defeated?

For this you conceived and bore, women of Europe.
Are you not crying tonight
Against your fertility? Have you not pondered
The fruit of your labor that rots in the fields of Flanders?

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So clearly are their minds fixed on that paramount objective, so impatient are they with obstructive trivialities, that they fail to realize that forms and credos which are only sounding brass and tinkling cymbal to the realistic ear have a genuine emotional value for many people; and that it is a part of wisdom, of the higher politics, to respect the religious scruples of others however irrational they may seem to be.

Those scruples could have been respected, at virtually no cost. If at any time in the past year the President had said, "I will take the nomination if you want to give it to me," he could have had it with no very serious argument. Perhaps more delegates would have voted against him than the hundred and fifty-odd who actually did so; or perhaps fewer, possibly in the end none at all. He now tells us that he did not want it; and this was the belief, just before the tenth of May, of many if not most people in Washington. If the world revolution that began on May tenth led him to conclude that he had better take it himself, there is much to be said for that decision. But his failure to say so as soon as he made up his mind, whenever that may have been, hardly fits into either the higher or the lower politics, the politics of grand policy or the politics of mechanics and detail; and his insistence that the meaningless statement he sent the convention the night before the nomination was a "declaration" is something before which comment is dumb.

All this was unnecessary; so was the way he settled the Vice-Presidential nomination by permitting a dozen candidates to stick their heads up and then slapping them down (or persuading them to slap themselves down); and while nobody takes platforms seriously any more, the things that were done to the foreign-affairs plank in that platform caused an uneasiness, both in their doing and in their implicit repudiation, that may be more serious in the long run than the question of whether Burton K. Wheeler would or would not support the ticket. It was not a case of achieving necessary ends by dubious means. That would have been disquieting enough, considering that means which succeed have a way of soon becoming ends in themselves; but more disquieting was the achievement by dubious and devious means of ends that could have been achieved by candor and directness; it suggests a preference for the tortuous, the roundabout, the too-clever-by-half, which is no cogent argument for a vote of confidence.

Yet the man who did this has seen more clearly than any other man in public life the paramount issue now facing the nation, and has put that issue before the people more effectively than anyone else who speaks with authority. . . . I do not suppose the best friends of Jim Farley would credit him with that kind of vision; (the word has been grievously misused, but it means something); his aptitude is for the business of practical politics, the achievement of a determined result, not the discernment and choice of the end. But Jim Farley was the hero of that convention, and the cheers for him were not merely a demonstration of personal affection but a tribute to character—character in the old-fashioned sense of the word; candor and integrity, and loyalty to his friends up to the point where it clashed with a paramount loyalty to his moral convictions. And not merely a tribute to character but a profession of the faith, lately out of style but now returning to favor, that character counts for something. It was not Jim Farley's fault, it was not the delegates' fault, if this testimonial to his character could not help seeming a commentary on somebody else.

HERE was the tragic antinomy of the convention—that so many men and women went away feeling that their intellectual convictions had been needlessly thrown into conflict with their ethical sensibilities. The high politics and the low had come from the same source; the higher ethics had been displayed by machine politicians. No one can now guess the outcome of this election. It is likely to depend on events now unforeseen and on the reaction of the candidates to those events. All that can be said now is that Mr. Roosevelt has made it unnecessarily hard for himself, and for his supporters. He knows what is going on in the world and he has told us about it, again and again. Also, he realizes that a man is not likely to defend his country with much enthusiasm unless that country has given him something—even if only a hope—which is worth defending. His insistence on the preservation of social gains has roused much indignation among those who at first saw in the crisis only the God-given means of overthrowing the New Deal (most of these gentlemen seem to have thought better of it by now); and also among more moderate persons who were impressed by the need of sacrifice. The New Deal hope that a nation with our reservoir of labor and our vast natural resources can build an armament program on top of a flourishing normal economy may be visionary, but some respectable economists support it; it is at least worth hoping for, provided we remember that defense is the first and great commandment, and under Franklin D. Roosevelt there is a better hope that each sacrifice as may be needed will be equitably distributed.

All these were arguments that Mr. Roosevelt always had at his command; the wonder grows that he should have shaken the confidence of so many of his followers by an apparent preference for the roundabout rather than the straightforward. At any rate, there he is, with all his faults and his virtues plainly displayed to the public eye. Not the sort of man the country needs in this crisis? Of course he isn't and neither is Willkie; the man we need is George Washington, and if we can't get him Andrew Jackson would do. But among living Americans we have about as good a choice this year as we could reasonably hope for. Somewhere among the populace there may blush unseen the man who knows the answer better than anybody else, but you can't vote for him if you have never heard of him. Ever since last September it has been evident that Roosevelt was the only Democratic candidate who would make sense, except Mr. Hull—and his age might reasonably be regarded as a handicap; while Willkie, though his capacities are still unknown, certainly stood out protuberantly above all the Republicans important enough to be considered by the Philadelphia convention. He knows what is going on in the world; and if he has not yet told us what we ought to do about it, he can be excused for taking his time in an epoch when this week's ideas are usually out of date by next week.

Yet it can be hoped that both candidates will presently begin to tell us, in words of one syllable, what they think we ought to do, and why. This country is ready to go, if somebody will tell it where to go. What they both ought to recognize is the readiness, the *Opferwilligkeit* of the American people today—not a readiness to try to resettle the affairs of Europe, but a readiness to defend not only themselves but the things they believe in. That emotion is still there but it has sagged a little since early June; it will sag still more before November unless it is recognized and encouraged. Both candidates have talked, at times, as if they thought a defense program could be combined with business-as-usual (though their definitions of "usual" are not quite the same); and that is lovely work if you can get it. But it is quite possible that the next President, whatever his name or his party label, may have nothing to offer us but toil and sweat—and perhaps blood and tears too, however much he may try to avoid them. For God's sake let him tell us so now; it has been proved that even a comfortable democracy that likes business as usual is capable of responding to such an appeal.

E. D.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Lter to edditr

SIR:—hahahahawhawhaw. hlo. yes, its sur funi. yr pub. yu no yr revuers critisis this and that buc, find thisthat rong witht. then yu trn rownd and advrtis the buc, and al advrtismnts exajrat the gud things bowt that advrtsd. wi not let sevrl revuers revu and critisis buc and calculat the avrj merits ov the bucs frum thos varing opinions and let that sufis for advrtising the buc. this is wrth advrtising. this is wrth mor than printing in yr letr colm. i lrn yu ar ruting fr fredm. the mor exchanj ov opinions, the mor fredm ov discusn thers. isnt ther? simpl. yrs fr mor comnsens wich in the end givs mor pleshr than such comedi that caractrises Americа.

KBTS.

Muscatine, Iowa.

Cowboy Literature

SIR:—I have read with interest and some amusement your recent article by Hurst Julian entitled "The Real Fiction in Western Stories" [*SRL, July 13, 1940*].

He starts his article with the assertion that "authors of Western stories know nothing about the subject. With the exception of the late Eugene Manlove Rhodes and possibly a few others who never achieved national recognition, no one who ever punched cows ever wrote a Western story."

That's taking in a good deal of territory and is easily demonstrable as grossly inaccurate. I could name a score of writers of Western stories who have punched cows for a living at one time or another.

Mr. Julian names as one of his exceptions Earnest Haycox whose work he approves. In that, I heartily agree with him. It seems to me, however, that Mr. Julian's case completely falls apart in that he reveals the utmost confusion as to his precise objections to these Western writers. He sweepingly condemns them because they have not been cowboys and then names as an example of excellence a man who, as I recall the biographical sketch which he wrote for me, has never been a cowboy. Haycox has lived a varied life, has seen and observed a great deal both in the West, in the East and abroad. The point is that Haycox is a creative writer who, from an informed knowledge of his subject, produces excellent Western fiction. In his historical stories, obviously all his data must come from research. According to Mr. Julian's criteria, Haycox should have helped build the Union Pacific to have written his story dealing with that epic of the West. Did Kenneth Roberts march with Rogers' Rangers? Did Nordhoff and Hall sail on the *Bounty?*

Has Mr. Julian ever read the work of a man who writes under the name of Caddo Cameron, who was born and brought up on a Texas ranch and has done plenty of cowpunching, or has he read the work of Arthur Henry Gooden, English by birth but who from the age of six was brought up on the ranch of his family in Southern California? I could mention many others. The point, however, is not that these men have been cowboys, but that they are natural story tellers who have learned to write—and they write about what they know best. I wonder if Mr. Julian means to say that such masters of their craft as Clarence E. Mulford, William McLeod Raine, and W. C. Tuttle don't know what they are talking about just because they never earned their livings as cowboys. I would venture that any one of these men knows more of the West in its varied aspects, history, and cowboy techniques than he does.

Evidently Mr. Julian is writing these unjust generalities from a limited reading of magazines.

HARRY E. MAULE.

New York City.

"Hm, Brachycephalic! Always thought he was Dolichocephalic. Must have been the way he had his hair cut." ***(Addenda to Literature No. 10)***

Matter of Initials

SIR: — While the portable is unleashed, may I inform Quercus that the T. H. Stockton whose "Poems" were illustrated by Frank R. Stockton was his half-brother, not his son, as tentatively suggested by Q also in the June 8 *SRL*. Frank Stockton the novelist "is said to have been an expert craftsman," but his wood-engravings for the "Poems" (1862) of his clerical half-brother are undistinguished (the quotation is from Carl Van Doren's sketch of Stockton in the D.A.B.) Thomas Hewlings Stockton was chaplain in turn of both houses of Congress.

EARLE F. WALBRIDGE.

New York City.

Erratum and Reply

Judge Lynch, of the Criminal Record, asks us to say that, through a type-setter's error, two words were omitted from his Summing Up of "Line-Up"—nineteen stories by leading English mystery fictionists, edited by John Rhode. The Judge's sentence appeared as "And two of the tales are tops;" but it should have read, "All but two of the tales are tops." This steps up the book's batting average from .105 to .894. The linotyper's only stated regret is that .894 is not the batting average of the Brooklyn *Dodgers*.

SIR:—I notice you charge me with an error in Judge Lynch's extremely interesting department. I am sorry but I shall have to pass this one back to you, or at least back to our old friend, the Judge. As you know, the Judge, in common with Horace Greeley, sends handwritten copy to the printer. What he regards as a matter of fact was transformed by his pen to a matter of opinion.

YOUR PRINTER.

Linotyping Dep't.

[*The error has been charged to the heat.*—Ed.]

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Vocabulary Glorification

A Monthly Department on the American Language by

H. L. MENCKEN

IF Theodore J. Hoover, elder brother of the former President, is a subscriber to the *New Republic* he no doubt got an unpleasant turn when he read the issue of last April 1, for in it Dr. Scott Nearing ventured to lift all career messiahs to the style and dignity of *social engineers.* Mr. Hoover, who is dean of engineering emeritus at Stanford University, has been carrying on a campaign against such pseudo-engineers for years past, and in 1935 he had at them in a blistering summing-up which listed no less than 2,518 varieties, ranging from *export engineers* to *bank management engineers.* But his dudgeon apparently had no effect whatever, and every time I go on the prowl for new and bizarre specimens I find them.

The latest to fall into my laboratory jars are *educational* and *pest engineers.* The first, it appears on investigation, are simply public school principals in a new and gaudier incarnation, and the second are the lowly fellows who tour hotels and apartment houses, liquidating cockroaches, bedbugs, and rats. From the *educational engineers* stems a class of lesser savants known as *custodian engineers,* who in the old days were schoolhouse janitors, and from the *pest engineers* a sub-class of specialists known as *termite engineers.* I throw in the *legislation engineers* for good measure, though most of them prefer to be called *industrial consultants.* They are the more tony of the lobbyists operating at Washington, and at the various state capitals.

This itch to glorify old callings with new and stupendous names is very widespread in the Republic, and, like all other American tendencies in speech, is spreading to England. The *realtors,* who are now firmly lodged in both the American language and the American *Kultur,* go back to March, 1916, when Charles N. Chadbourn of Minneapolis went to a convention of real estate agents at New Orleans, and dazzled them by proposing the new name. The *morticians* followed exactly six months later, the scene being Columbus, Ohio, and in 1924 the barbers, meeting in Chicago, resolved to be *chirotonsors.* When the *beauticians* first appeared I have been unable to determine precisely, but they were certainly flourishing by 1930. Of late they have begun to call themselves *cosmetologists,* and in the District of Columbia they are licensed at this minute by a Board of *Cosmetology,* and hold themselves the professional peers of *optometrists, podiatrists* (formerly chiropodists, and still earlier corn-doctors), and *publicists* (formerly public-relations counselors, and still earlier press agents). In this connection it is interesting to note that so long ago as 1628 (as you will find in John Ford's play, "The Lover's Melancholy") the dealers in cosmetics in London were sometimes called *women-surgeons.*

The artists once known as *cobblers* or *shoe-repairers* have been seeking a nobler name for themselves for some years. In 1935 those in practice in Baltimore decided that they would be *shoe-rebuilders* thereafter, but in March, 1940, those of Texas hit upon *shoetrician,* apparently by analogy with *mortician, beautician,* and *bootician* (a high-toned bootlegger of the later Drought Years), and at once proceeded to form a Southwestern Association of *Shoetricians,* with a seal and code of ethics. Meanwhile, the soda-jerkers begin to call themselves *fountaineers,* the customers' men in the surviving brokers' offices reach out pathetically for something that will hide their ill-fame, the male sweepers and scrubbers in the post-offices of the country rejoice under the new name of *charmen,* and, according to W. E. Farbstein, the town dog-catcher of Tulsa, Okla., is now officially a *humane officer.*

Nor are the strip-teasers unresponsive to the movement. On April 3 last I received a polite note from one who subscribed herself Miss Georgia Sothern, complaining that a great deal of public misunderstanding dogged her profession, and suggesting that it might be aided and uplifted by "a new and more palatable" name. Thus challenged, I retired to my laboratory and emerged an hour later with *ecdysiast,* from *ecdysis,* the zoölogical term for the sloughing or molting of snakes. By April 19 *ecdysiast* had made the first page of the Chicago *Daily News,* and during the ensuing week it was broadcast from coast to coast by the United Press, aided, I have no doubt, by the lady's press-agent. For the sake of the record I should add that my first thought was *moltician,* but it had to be rejected because of the plain danger of confusing it with *mortician.*

Drawing by Schrieber

Howard Coxe

Not Quite a Queen

THE STRANGER IN THE HOUSE. By Howard Coxe. New York: The Greystone Press. 1940. 288 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

"FATE wrote her a most tremendous tragedy, and she played it in tights." So, to quote Max Beerbohm as Mr. Coxe does by way of epigraph, was staged and performed the life of Caroline of Brunswick. Neither she nor her elegant buffoon of a husband, Beau Brummel's "fat friend," could qualify as buskined protagonists in any drama. They built for themselves, out of perversity and muddle-headedness, situations as essentially tragic as any conceived by Sophocles or Shakespeare, but their characters were such as to transmute tragedy into farce, and pretty broad farce at that. Light biographers in quest of fun, however, have found them both easy game. Mr. Coxe in this sprightly portrait of Caroline is more sympathetic than many, but the most his sympathy can do is to make her occasionally pathetic. The low comedy keeps breaking in. As for George, it would be difficult to endow him even with pathos.

Poor Caroline, there was no evil in her, not even the usual feminine guile, but just a huge amount of foolishness. With her warm heart and friendly impulses, her slovenliness and vulgar wit, she would doubtless have made an amiable consort to some German princeling. But the first gentleman of Europe consented, under compulsion from a stubborn parent and an unimaginative Parliament, to marry her, for which generous condescension his debts were to be paid by a grateful nation. He met her with distaste, mar-

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ried her in an alcoholic coma, and within a few weeks of the wedding closed his door to her. It was a permanent escape from cohabitation, but she remained outside the door to badger him for most of his life. She loomed on his mental horizon as an enemy bigger than Napoleon, and he gave to the warfare he carried on against her all the strategy he possessed and all the time he could spare from the blandishments of Mrs. Fitzherbert, Lady Jersey, and the rest of his ladies. The annals of that campaign are a curious and unedifying page in British history. George behaved like a cad, and Caroline's coltish eccentricities did not improve the picture. He banned her from the coronation, refused to have her name in the liturgy, instituted a secret service for the sole purpose of proving her adulterous. The mob, which had always taken Caroline's side, cheered rowdily when the House of Lords found it impossible to convict her of conjugal misdemeanors. Poor Caroline, she was at last exonerated, but only at the end of an empty and ineffectual life, which, strangely enough, she seems to have enjoyed.

Mr. Coxe has relished telling the whole scabrous story. He has neither diminished its grotesqueries nor developed its moral implications. Comedy it was, and comedy he makes it, though on Caroline herself he bestows more kindliness than historians have usually recorded. The gaiety of his attack and the absurdity of his material provide rich entertainment, which is only slightly marred by the forced vivacity of his style.

Charles David Abbott, who is a frequent contributor to these pages, is librarian at Buffalo University.

Story of Strasser

NEMESIS? By Douglas Reed. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1940. 275 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by WYTHE WILLIAMS

WHEN, if ever, the fogs of chaos roll back from the devastated French countryside—from a Paris occupied by Nazi conquerors—many private tragedies will lie revealed in the gray light of a breaking dawn. Possibly, then, the whole story will be revealed—or it will have passed, caught up and carried away by the very density of the overhanging mists and will forever remain a blank page of history.

One thing we know. Almost the first arrival in the fallen capital was that of Heinrich Himmler and his agents of the Gestapo. Their haste was the search for German political refugees—to be gathered quickly together and as rapidly rushed to concentration camps within the Reich—or to the firing squads. But of them all, it is certain the most imperative orders concerned the capture of Otto Strasser, the one man in the world whom Hitler hates above all others in his already overcrowded psycopathic detestations. In "Nemesis" Mr. Reed gives a revealing and deeply engrossing story of this man and his "Black Front," who came so near to overthrowing Hitler and saving Europe from the swift-paced reeling of civilization that has engulfed it.

Many other refugees have written their stories or have had it written for them, but none holds quite the same ring of authenticity, to my mind, as this story of the Strasser brothers.

The post-war years of the 1920's, that paved the way for the rise of Hitler—the intrigues, the espionage, and counter espionage within the Reich itself—are clearly and simply set forth. The drama of the epoch after the triumph of Hitler—the purging from the party of many of the men who had been the most instrumental in placing him in power and the escape of others, including Otto Strasser, into exile, make the book as absorbing as any first class thriller.

Strasser, for years before leaving Germany, had fought Hitler, Goering, and Goebbels. Originally a Nazi, he broke with Hitler when he realized that the latter was using the ideologies of the party only to further his lust for power. Gregor Strasser, shared to a certain extent his brother's views, but refused to leave the party. His sincerity in his belief that he was working for the betterment of Germany and his ignoring his brother's warning to flee the country resulted in his death in the purge of June 30, 1934.

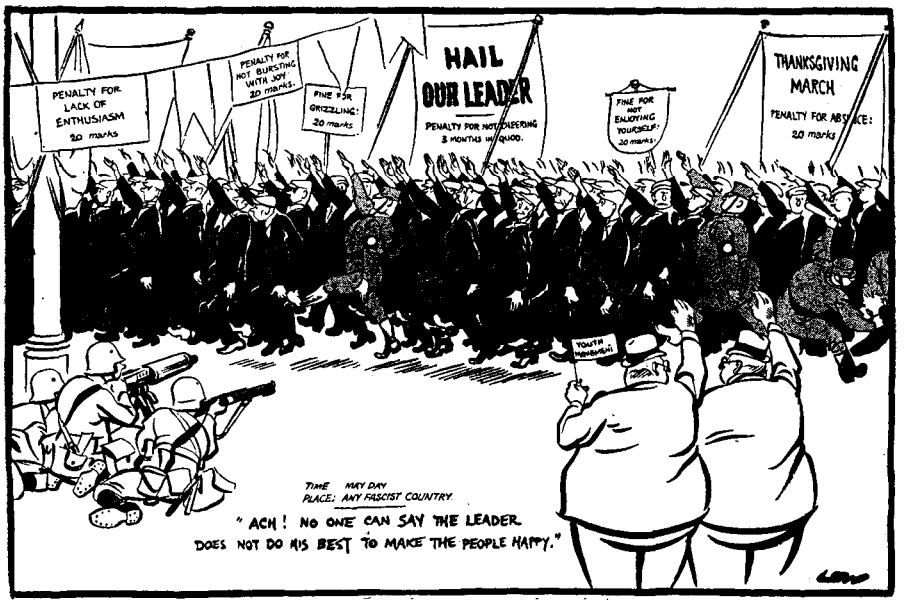
This book, as well as many of the others that have been written about the anti-Nazi movements inside Germany, make only too apparent the reason for their tragic failure. Always they distrusted one another. Otto Strasser and the "Black Front" were probably more suspect to other similar organizations because the Strassers had both been known as such ardent Nazis. If these various groups could have found unity and worked more successfully together, the present as well as the future history of Europe might have taken a quite different trend.

The latter part of the book is taken up with the work of the Black Front outside Germany. Because of Strasser's apparently charmed life, Mr. Reed draws a conclusion that it is to be feared is no more than wishful thinking. He feels that a time will come when Strasser and his organization will again arise, thrust Hitler from power and establish a new Germany on the idealist socialist lines working in harmony with the rest of Europe that was the original plan behind National Socialism.

At the time the book went to press, France had not yet capitulated to Germany. Otto Strasser was living in Paris. It may never be known whether he joined the hundreds of thousands of refugees trekking south and was able to leave France.

Whether a sequel will ever be written to "Nemesis?" remains to be seen. In the meantime, the present book not only makes exciting reading but gives one of the best pictures of the epoch and the men that are making history that I have run across.

Wythe Williams is a veteran foreign correspondent and at present a radio news broadcaster.


PENALTY FOR LACK OF ENTHUSIASM 20 marks
PENALTY FOR NOT BURSTING WITH JOY 20 marks.
FINE FOR GRIZZLING: 20 marks
HAIL OUR LEADER
PENALTY FOR NOT SLEEPING 3 MONTHS ON END.
FINE FOR NOT ENJOYING YOURSELF: 20 marks
THANKSGIVING MARCH
PENALTY FOR ABSENCE: 20 marks
YOUTH MOVEMENT
TIME MAY DAY
PLACE: ANY FASCIST COUNTRY
"ACH! NO ONE CAN SAY THE LEADER DOES NOT DO HIS BEST TO MAKE THE PEOPLE HAPPY."
LOW

From "A Cartoon History of Our Times," by David Low.

Enforced Enthusiasm

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A STRONG MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE?

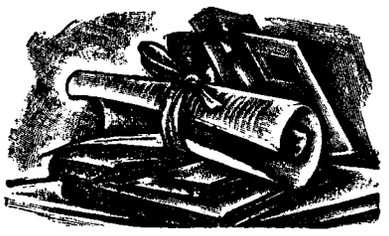
(*Continued from page* 5)

less acute than that of 1812, which found Jemmy Madison, a great political thinker but a tragically weak executive, in the White House; and the result was that the nation, defeated and invaded, almost went to pieces. The crisis of Reconstruction found an able and honest but sadly tactless and blundering President in power, with most deplorable results. We can say that the crisis of 1861 brought Lincoln to the presidency. We can also say that but for the paltering and cowardice of Pierce and Buchanan there might not have been a crisis in 1861; and that when Lincoln was elected the country had no real means of knowing whether he would prove strong or weak—he was a gamble. Altogether, we fear there is quite too much of the accidental in the appearance of great men in that high office; and somehow the element of uncertainty should be decreased.

The prime test of our system, as Mr. Laski sees it, lies in the relations between President and Congress. To this he devotes much the largest single section of his book (for his treatment of foreign affairs turns largely on Presidential relations with the Senate). Convinced as he is that the presidency is the most valuable feature of our government, which should be retained, improved, and strengthened, he deals rather frigidly with the legislative branch. He inveighs against frequent irresponsibility; the complaisance toward pressure groups; the sectional antagonisms; the logrolling; the often senseless antipathy to the executive. As he points out, Congress is always looking for excuses to differ from the President, and never feels so happy as when it has a good one. Some members feel it a duty to assert the independence of the legislative branch; others—especially Senators who have held committee chairmanships for long periods—think they know more than any President on any given question; while still others find the opposition role a short cut to the limelight. The result, unless the nation happens to be in the happy position where it can merely drift, is likely to be unfortunate. It seems to Mr. Laski, as to many others, that Congress is worth little unless it has strong leadership, and that the President is best situated to offer this leadership. He can create public opinion; he can hold out rewards and penalties; he can use the patronage. The nation fares much better under a strong President dominating a weak Congress than under a strong Congress trying to make the President its creature. And Mr. Laski rejects all of the various proposals—first offered by George H. Pendleton, and mostly recently by Newton D. Baker—for placing Cabinet members on the floor of Congress. The result, as he states, would be to weaken the President immeasurably and make the principal Cabinet officer the real head of the government; while Mr. Laski thinks the presidency should be kept in full vigor.

Most people today would agree. But in any secular view the presidency is likely to have its ebbs and flows of power, corresponding to changing phases of the national life. The traditions governing the relations of Congress and the President have recently changed. This change may in the main be traced to three men. One was Theodore Roosevelt, who came in when an imperative need had arisen for bringing big business under governmental control—a need so exigent that Frank I. Cobb thought later that a revolution would have followed its non-fulfillment. One was Woodrow Wilson, who came in on the same tide and stayed in while the World War broke over America in fury. The third has been Franklin D. Roosevelt, who came in as we sank in the trough of the unprecedented world depression and stayed in for the second World War. In short, the powers of the Presidency have expanded not merely because of three strong men, but because of a series of cataclysmic events. The powers of Congress have shrunk in proportion. But if the stormclouds ever disappear, if the mountainous waves ever give way to millpond calm, we may gladly return to an era in which Congress holds the dominant place.

The fact is that the American people like to make progress not by a long steady pull, but by sudden energetic spurts followed by sodden relapses. They like alternations of strenuous effort and placid ease. Their treatment of the presidency shows this fact. After seven years of the incessant, unpredictable, and extremely noisy activity of T. R., they turn with relief to the phlegmatic calm of Taft. For long periods, if the national life is easy and prosperous, they like no more disturbance than Hayes, Arthur, Harrison, and McKinley gave them. (Cleveland won his fame chiefly by standing firm against popular and Congressional follies.) Then for a shorter period they demand that multitudinous and tremendous tasks be carried through instantly. Even when we elect a strong President, public opinion is likely to conspire with Congress to give him two or three years of fruitful achievement followed by five or six years of innocuous desuetude. Of course we ought to try to insist on a strong Congress coöperating with a strong President. But the fact is that it gives the country a good deal of relief now and then to see a stubborn Congress obstructing a strong President. In fact, many citizens have desired that relief throughout the last three years.



ONE fact which Mr. Laski might have brought out much more fully in his brilliant book is that while the American people do not always like to be hustled by their Presidents, they do like to be stimulated by them. They prefer a colorful personality in that high office; they insist upon a chief magistrate to whom in some respects they can look up. A certain spiritual strength goes out of the whole nation when it has a President like Grant or Harding. A very perceptible moral strength flows in when it has a President like Cleveland, and a marked intellectual awakening follows upon the advent of a Theodore Roosevelt. Life in America was richer and better worth leading when he was furnishing daily headlines and homilies from the White House. Life went up to a higher spiritual plane when Woodrow Wilson came to the helm. Democratic leadership implies a great deal that cannot be treated in the handling of Cabinets, Congresses, and even public opinion.

But Mr. Laski's book is within its limits admirable. It does not cover some aspects of Presidential leadership of the nation at large. It fails to treat adequately the large subject of war powers and their ultimate effects. It neglects the relation between the President and the courts. But the topics it does cover—party leadership, Cabinet, Congress, foreign affairs—are discussed with scholarship, insight, and expertness. Many stimulating ideas, some of them entirely novel, are struck off. Mr. Laski has never written a more readable book, and his penetrating treatment of a complex subject will be read with pleasure by a large audience. And, since our unhappy outlook is for larger and more numerous crises, his prescription of a stronger Presidential leadership—a more continuous Presidential pioneering—is likely to remain sound for the indefinite future.

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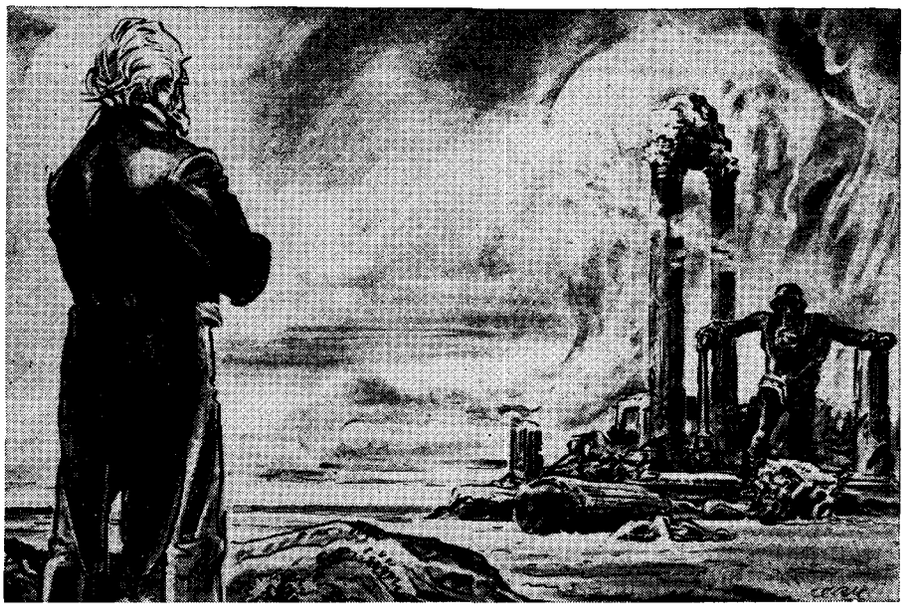

© *The New York Times. Drawing by Cesare.*

Foreign Affairs Annual

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS IN 1939. By Whitney H. Shepardson in collaboration with William O. Scroggs. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1940. 420 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by EDWARD MEAD EARLE

THIS is the latest volume in a series which is a combined Annual Register, World Almanac, and Encyclopedia Britannica of American foreign policy. Each year the same authors give a meticulous review of events which seem to them to be significant to the stream of history as a whole. They add to this a bibliography, a well-chosen group of documents, the essential statistical data (including in this case the results of the appropriate Gallup polls), a chronology, a topical guide to previous volumes in the series, and an excellent index. This might be described—in the colloquial language which the authors frequently employ—as a wonderful run for your money. If there is a better buy for the hurried editor or the harassed student, I do not know of it.

As one turns these pages he will inevitably raise the question whether we have not said good-bye to one phase of American foreign policy, whether Messrs. Shepardson and Scroggs have not run down the curtain on one act in the great drama of American history. Seen in retrospect, the debates about neutrality, non-intervention, munitions embargoes, reciprocal trade treaties, and the like have a hollow sound, an air of unreality. This is not the fault of the authors of this book. Events have simply outrun them as they have outrun—better still, overrun—us all. Something real, something earnest, has forced itself upon us—a vast program of rearmament which will mean that not within the experience of this generation, if ever, will this nation be the same. The American Way is in for an armor-plating and a streamlining which will make it virtually unrecognizable.

This is not to say that this volume is not of first-rate importance to us. Unless we are prepared to recognize our faults as they have been revealed by the past, we are going to have an even rougher time of it than we now visualize. These faults, despite the objectivity of the authors, fairly shriek at the reader of these pages. To take a single example: although as a people we were more aware than others of the true course of affairs under the Hitler-Mussolini dispensation, we have repeated some of the most egregious Franco-British errors of strategy. We see clearly enough that Britain committed a cardinal offense against basic principles of politics when she applied sanctions against Italy in the Ethiopian venture without applying them until they really hurt, without playing the game through—a game that requires that you win or lose, for if you draw you are worse than lost. Now, this is precisely what we have done with Japan.

Although some of the authors' conclusions have gone awry, their book stands up pretty well against the hurricane of the past three months. Their literary style leaves something to be desired. But at all times the authors make clear what they are trying to say. And clarity, after all, is the first important rule of literary composition.

Tabloid Biographies

RULERS OF THE WORLD. By Maurice Crain. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1940. 335 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

MAURICE CRAIN has crowned fourteen men as Rulers of the World and given us palatable tabloid biographies of Winston Churchill, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Lazard Cardenas, Neville Chamberlain, Eamon de Valera, Benito Mussolini, Adolf Hitler, Edouard Daladier, Francisco Franco, Kemal Ataturk, Ibn Saud, Chiang Kai-shek, Mahatma Gandhi, and Joseph Stalin.

Kemal Ataturk is dead, of course, but his policies are being carried out by his self-delegated successors. Edouard Daladier, a prisoner of the Nazis, is about to be brought to trial. As for the remaining twelve, there is no reason to dispute their right to the crown which Mr. Crain has set on each uneasy head, except perhaps for Eamon de Valera. However, Mr. Crain might justifiably have included among his rulers such potent figures as Lenin and Trotsky, without whom Stalin would not have been Czar of All the Russias. And without Goering, Goebbels, and Himmler, where would Hitler be? And without Lawrence of Arabia, what would have become of Ibn Saud? And to round out his selection, perhaps Mr. Crain should have undertaken a composite biography, entitling it the Spirit of Japanese Militarism, because that certainly is one of the Rulers of the World.

Although manifestly Mr. Crain has had no personal contact with his rulers and therefore has relied entirely upon research for his material, his vignettes are interesting and have real value because he has recreated the early formative years of these men. Thus one is able to trace effects from causes.

One of the most contradictory and therefore interesting rulers is Mussolini, who has been "a pacifist and a militarist, a socialist and the founder of Fascism, an anti-clerical and the good friend of the Church. He had gone to prison for asserting the right of free speech, and had suppressed it all over Italy. He had denounced aggression and then committed it, defended the Jews and then turned against them." Only recently this Italian patriot kept the world on a hot seat, trying to guess his intentions.

I would be remiss were I to fail to say a word in praise of Louise Costello's meritorious portraits of Mr. Crain's "Rulers of the World."

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The A. Y. C. in U. S.

AMERICAN YOUTH TODAY. By Leslie A. Gould. With a Foreword by Eleanor Roosevelt. New York: Random House. 1940. 307 *pp., with index.* $2.

Reviewed by RAYMOND G. FULLER

> I dedicate myself to the service of my country and mankind . . . I will uphold the American ideal, which is the democratic way of life . . . I will respect and defend the Constitution, keystone of American liberties . . . I will seek progress only within the framework of the American system of government . . . I will oppose all undemocratic tendencies and all forms of dictatorship . . . I will work for the unity of my generation and place that united strength at the service of my country, which I will defend against all enemies . . . I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation indivisible with liberty and justice for all.

THE foregoing excerpts are from the official creed of the American Youth Congress, a group made up of representatives of half a hundred organizations. Maybe they don't really prove anything as to whether or how Red the Congress, as such, may be; this is apparently the question in the newspapers. But from Mr. Gould's history and defense of the AYC one gathers that possibly a good deal of the trouble over the communistic issue lies in the deadly seriousness with which the general body of members take the historic principles and ideals of democracy—among them, the rights of minority representation and free speech. Respect for these rights, incidentally, does not seem to be strongly characteristic of any form of totalitarianism, including the Russian brand. Someone might be bold enough to say that what the AYC suffers from is an excess of democracy, rather than of communism.

At any rate, Mr. Gould informs us that the young people of the AYC are and always have been much less interested in communism than in the discussion and solution of such problems of American life as unemployment, poverty and health, civil liberties, and war and peace. Jobs are regarded as youth's No. 1 Problem and the main business of the Congress. The problem of war also comes pretty close home, and the Congress doesn't want any, though promising that American boys would fight if this country were invaded.

Of course, we adults could tell these youths a thing or two—what they ought to do about the communists in their midst and what they ought to realize about the danger to America and American democracy from the success of Nazi arms abroad. Somehow they don't seem to care very much for adult leadership, preferring their own. This youth leadership of youth, from the adult standpoint, is part of the difficulty of the AYC. However, in spite of the frequent "oh yeah" attitude toward the older and wiser generation, the opinions and beliefs declared by the Congress are by no means original with youth or confined to youth. Who told them that war is hell and a great illusion? And in the matter of jobs and other unsolved domestic problems, have youth been alone in asserting that the best way to defend American democracy is to make it work here?

The book is written with a youthful volubility and "freshness" (in the slang sense) that will be irritating to many readers, especially adults. Mrs. Roosevelt, kindly and patient friend of all youth, endorses it in a Foreword in which she says "it is only fair to hear both sides of every question" and admits that she has "no great illusions about the perfection of any organization or of any group." She also welcomes it because she thinks it will "add to the sum total of knowledge about the youth problem in this country." The reviewer concurs, but suggests that there is another meaning in which the term "youth problem" might be used.

MARXIST-KEYNESIST BLEND

(*Continued from page* 6)

volves in terms of increased national income, while keeping the average wage of the German laborer at about thirty shillings a week. This means that there is an enormous surplus going to German capitalists in the form of profits, interest, and rent. Hitler's solution of the problem of this surplus has been to borrow or take in the form of taxes the whole surplus which could not otherwise be re-invested and put it into the production of armaments. This keeps the money moving (although it forces it into unproductive channels) and therefore maintains full employment. If Fascism were content to remain a peaceful regime, Hitler might have hit upon a solution—however ridiculous—to the unemployment problem. He might build and scrap armaments, build and scrap them. But this would not satisfy the capitalists, who want new and profitable fields for investment. Hence Fascism is by necessity an imperialist economy, and the capitalists accept its regime not only because of its coercive power and its terrorism and the prestige which they associate with it, but also because its imperialism promises them new investment opportunities outside of Germany for their idle surplus.

In the light of events since this book was written, two striking conclusions can be drawn from this analysis. One is that if Hitler can consolidate his recently acquired territorial gains and offer the capitalists expanding investment opportunities in the industries of Holland, Belgium, Norway, and France, he can ward off —perhaps for a generation—the inexorable problem of accumulating surpluses. The second is that he cannot ward it off forever. Ultimately, Nazism, for all its features of economic planning, is an unstable economy. Sooner or later, even assuming a period of relative peace under the "Pax Hitlerica," the Nazis would face the alternatives of further imperialism and further war on the one hand, or of socialism on the other.

I regard this as Mr. Strachey's best book since "The Coming Struggle for Power." It is not surprising that it has been severely criticized by the English communists. For it shifts the basis of discussion not only of Marxian economics but of progressive political action. I have two essential criticisms of this. One is that while Mr. Strachey has developed as an economist, he has not equally developed as a political realist. An expansionist program such as he envisages would lead to bitter opposition not only of the *rentiers* and the finance capitalists against whom it is directed, but of the industrialists as well, and of the middle-class whose attitudes are controlled by the stereotypes of the press. When one considers the resistance that Mr. Roosevelt's program has already met, one can begin to calculate the increased resistance that the expansion of that program would entail. My second criticism is that in his analysis of Nazism, as also in his analysis of progressive democracy, Mr. Strachey is not enough of a psychologist; he omits therefore the factors of social allegiances and hierarchical authority which have come recently to cut across economic life. In both these respects perhaps the position of America in a new and dangerous framework of international crisis may be of some help. In the face of extreme national danger, resistance to necessary economic reforms may be weakened; and a democracy like ours may learn to build up that sense of the individual's organic relation to the group, on which ultimately our power of survival depends.

Max Lerner, author of "It is Later Than You Think," and "Ideas Are Weapons," is a member of the Department of Political Science at Williams College, Massachusetts.

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Heroes Behind the Rx

AMERICAN DOCTORS OF DESTINY. By Frank J. Jirka. Chicago: Normandie House. 1940. 361 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH, M.D.

DR. JIRKA himself has contributed in no small measure to America's present position at the head of the medical world today. As a public health officer, surgeon, and teacher he has made a notable record in his native state of Illinois. Now he displays the added talents of a historian and an unusually vivid writer. The American doctors of destiny of whom he writes are twenty-one "brave, patriotic, and seemingly tireless Americans, the foundations of whose greatness was their training in the medical profession." Each character, he tells us further, he chose "for the originality of his attainments, endeavoring to avoid writing about doctors whose careers and accomplishments would seem to run in a parallel."

Before the parade of gallant men gets well under way we are given a quick review of the medical situation in our hemisphere preceding Revolutionary days. It will surprise many readers that way back in the days of Queen Elizabeth Peru had its university which conferred medical degrees upon its students. With the first settlers in our own land came medical problems and adventuring doctors, and although they left but meager records, there is evidence enough to show that the care of the sick was one of the most pressing of the colonists' concerns. But it was with the Revolution that American medicine made its first big strides and here the parade of medical heroes actually starts. Joseph Warren tops the group of men who were soldiers no less than surgeons; following closely come the colonial doctors who established the first medical schools, hospitals, and libraries; then, with the nineteenth century, the great Kentucky surgeon, McDowell, the Indianan Drake, the quartet who figured so tragically in the anesthesia drama; the procession moves on until at last we come to the leaders of recent times, the Mayos, Dr. Greene, who with neither influence nor funds established the first hospital for stutterers, Reed, Leonard Wood, and many more. One of the most interesting chapters deals with the thirty-two year old Dr. Mudd, "the martyr of a nation's fury," persecuted and imprisoned for four years because he unwittingly sheltered for a night the slayer of Lincoln; another is that devoted to Dr. Charles Norris, picturesque medical examiner of New York's police department, and model for many a detective story writer. But if space permitted, each of Dr. Jirka's chapters would receive special mention here, for there is not one that does not contain interesting and fresh material. Many of these doctors led lives far removed from medical fields, and in following them Dr. Jirka has brought to light many neglected or little known incidents in our national history.

It is inevitable that there will be exception taken by medical historians to some of Dr. Jirka's selections, some of whom it will be claimed are less significant figures than many passed over completely. Dr. William Welch and Dr. Harvey Cushing, to mention but two names that spring at once to mind, surely merit a place in any such parade. But as the author states in his Prologue, to have included all worthy of mention would have required many volumes, and whether one agrees or differs with Dr. Jirka's choice of his moderns, no one can question that he has written an inspiring account of achievement. Finally the fact should be stressed that this book is designed for the general reader, that it requires no medical background, and that it makes no effort to impart medical information.

Romance at Ease

LOVERS' MEETING. By Lady Eleanor Smith. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1940. 326 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY CARR BENÉT

GOING back in time is always an idea that appeals to the romantic mind. What period would you choose? . . . The days of the Sun King in France, or Elizabeth's bright reign, or, as in this novel, England under the Regency? Would England in 1812, with Boney's vexing shadow off on the continent seem calm and peaceful after the turmoil of the present day?

Around this idea, Lady Eleanor Smith has written a very good romantic novel. It has the charm and somewhat the structure of "Berkeley Square"; in both a form of the fourth dimension combined with magic, result in conscious reincarnation, and love endures across a gulf of time. Here, George, Lord Barradale, loves Martina Forest in 1937 with a great and unhappy passion. George has wealth, position, a country seat called Camelos, and a handsome wife who does not wish to give him a divorce. Martina is young and penniless, left totally unprotected in a hard world by her dishonest scoundrel of a father.

Portrait by William Acton
Lady Eleanor Smith

Troubled by the unhappy twist to their love affair, they employ a little magic to escape. They find themselves back in Camelos in 1812. Only this time, Martina is Lady Harriet Fane, with wealth, background, an ancestral house (named Camelos), many beaux, and becoming frocks tied with cherry-colored ribbons. George is a poor tutor who fumes at his lack of prestige. Although their positions are reversed, the course of true love still does not run smooth. It is unfair to tell how the strands between centuries unwind, but the pattern is built around the idea that Martina fits in one century and is happy there, while George belongs to another.

In spite of its banal title, "Lovers' Meeting" is fine for light summer reading. It has a good romantic plot. True love is effectively described in two centuries. The picture of Regency England is a delightful one. In fact, it is done with such nostalgia that one might suspect that the author, like Martina, longs for its decorative security at this moment. And the reader is apt to share her feeling.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 331)

RICHARD SAVAGE
TO A YOUNG LADY

Now you are free and now reserved awhile!
Reproached for absence, yet your sight denied;
My tongue you silence, yet my silence chide!

. . . . . .

Such, Polly, are your sex! Part truth, part fiction;
Some thought, much whim, and all a contradiction.

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Balance Sheet of Nazi Economics

GERMAN ECONOMY, 1870-1940. By Gustav Stolper. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1940. 295 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT STRAUSZ-HUPÉ

UNDER a modest title the former editor of the influential weekly *Der Deutsche Volkswirt* and ex-member of the Weimar Republic's Reichstag presents more than the economic history of Germany from 1870 to 1940. Retracing the sequel of German business booms and depressions he narrates German political and social history.

Economic liberalism was twice given a brief trial in Wilhelminian Germany: first, in the booming seventies, on the morn of the unification of the German States and at the height of liberal fashion throughout Europe; and then again in the years of Germany's full-blown prosperity preceding the first World War. The first experiment failed when young Germany's boom came crashing down into a world depression, the second when Germany went to war. Since then the lore of private enterprise has never recaptured the imagination either of the German people or of the German capitalists themselves. Before Hitler came to power in 1933, the Weimar Republic had skillfully erected that cage of regulations in which the National Socialist State was to imprison the whole of German economy.

For all the brave democracy of the Weimar Republic German capitalism had never wanted to be truly free and had, by habit, depended on the regulatory protection of the State. Even in Germany's liberal era industry had sought integration in cartells which the State—N.R.A. wise—helped to form and supervised. By the same token of concentration and regulation, the labor movement had turned from its early opposition throughout the 1880's and 1890's, to loyal collaboration with the state during the World War. The Socialist Trade Unions, called by the Imperial Government to help in mobilizing labor for the patriotic tasks of war economy, became part of the machinery of the state itself. Yet this state had been dominated, since its foundation in 1871, by the ruling classes, the army and the bureaucracy of Prussia. These ruling and non-economic classes, to whom the profit motive seemed contemptible and capitalist bourgeoisie socially of little account, had, however, a tradition of social-mindedness of their own. It had found expression in the Social Security Laws under Bismark, "the earliest protective legislation in any great nation, and exemplary for their time." It lent color to Oswald Spengler's thesis that Prussianism and socialism were essentially one, which supposition in turn, supports the ark of National Socialist ideology.

Thus the Germany of the industrial cartels and of paternalistic benevolence never recognized liberalism as the basis of a free capitalist system. "The mercantilist spirit," Dr. Stolper writes, "which all too readily merged with the collectivist spirit of the labor movement, was strong even in the liberal era. The result of this merger was Hitlerism."

Dr. Stolper writes no brief for the Germany of yesterday and offers no remedy for the universal malaise of democracy. He merely tells the story of the "merger."

The reader will find no pat formula in Dr. Stolper's straightforward discussion of those factors which determined German economic history from Bismarck to Hitler. Dr. Stolper has no pet theory: he believes that in Germany, democracy might have worked if given a real chance. He ascribes many of the German people's woes to their delayed national unification under Prussia's aegis and in the midst of an international scramble for world markets, and thus draws historical perspectives which deftly guide the reader towards a deeper understanding not only of present-day Germany but also of that Occidental phenomenon: the all-devouring State.

Robert Strausz-Hupé is an economist and writer on world affairs.

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"Diplomacy of Expansion"

OUR RISING EMPIRE 1763-1803. By Arthur Burr Darling. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1940. 595 *pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

THE title of this massive volume of approximately six hundred pages is somewhat misleading. Although in the first pages a few facts belonging to the 1760's are mentioned the story really begins with the French Alliance in 1778, and only very rarely and briefly do we get a glimpse of the "empire," as on p. 396 where Dr. Darling quotes a contemporary author in 1802 as stating that there were then 900,000 inhabitants beyond the Alleghanies. Of the domestic forces making for extension of empire and of the sort of people creating it out of the wilderness we get almost nothing. The book, in fact, is almost pure diplomatic history, and a better description, if not title, would seem to me to be "the diplomacy of independence and expansion, 1778-1803."

This criticism does not imply that the work is not a valuable one. It is only intended to describe the main subject matter of it. The study is a thoroughly scholarly and painstaking one of our earliest relations with European powers, particularly Britain, France, and Spain. The author tells of how and why the French Alliance was secured, how the Treaty of 1783 was made, and the constant difficulties of the Washington, Adams, and Jefferson administrations with the complexities of the post-war international relations, those of the French Revolution and early Napoleonic period, ending with the story of the Louisiana Purchase.

Most of the ground is familiar to professional historians but I do not know of any other single volume which covers it so adequately, authoritatively, and in such detail. There are also original points of view, and to read the volume is like watching an absorbing game of chess. Chess, like olives, may be an acquired taste, and so also may be the intricacies of diplomacy, but for those interested in the last, in perhaps our most dangerous and formative period, this book will be a rich mine of information. In so brief a review it is impossible to pick out many special passages, but it is worth noting that when Napoleon sold Louisiana to us English bankers provided the money for the first instalment of the purchase price though England realized she might soon be at war with the French. In the chess game both England and France thought they saw advantages in the moves they were making, but in a decade we were at war with England for no reason connected with the transaction. Perhaps the most suggestive chapters are those concerning our relations with France in the making of the Treaty of 1783 and in the period from 1796 to 1803. That of around 1797 when all three nations, England, France, and Spain, were intriguing against us in the West is also very ably recounted, as is likewise the extremely tangled and often obscure diplomacy with Spain throughout the entire period of the volume. The book is distinctly one for the scholar and the study rather then for the summer reader and the hammock, but for the former it will probably long retain its place for reference after reading.

James Truslow Adams, historian and writer, is the author of "The Founding of New England," which won a Pulitzer Prize for history, of "The Epic of America," and more recently of "The Empire of the Seven Seas."

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Chronicler of Respectability

THE LETTERS OF JOHN CHAMBERLAIN. Memoirs XII, Part I. Edited by Norman Egbert McClure. Philadelphia: American Philosophical Society. 1939. 2 *vols.* 1321 *pp., with index.*

Reviewed by JOSEPH R. STRAYER

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN was a well-to-do Londoner whose life-span coincided almost exactly with the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. He had no profession and apparently never sought to advance himself either in wealth or public office. Lacking personal ambition, he was a cool and dispassionate observer of the society of his day. He had many acquaintances among the lesser aristocracy and the business men of London, and through them he collected gossip about the court, the government, and the town. This gossip he passed on to two friends in the diplomatic service, Sir Ralph Winwood and Sir Dudley Carleton. The long series of letters to these men covering the period 1597-1627, gives us a good idea of the interests and ideas of a well-educated, middle-class Englishman of the early seventeenth century.

Historians would say that Chamberlain lived in one of the most glamorous periods of English history, but his letters indicate that he did not find life very exciting. Later generations are inclined to see more glamor in a period than contemporaries did, and Chamberlain did not have a romantic temperament. He was not greatly interested in religious disputes; the Puritans are barely mentioned in his letters. He discussed the settlement of Virginia, not because it was a great adventure, but because it involved the creation of new offices. In literature Chamberlain preferred solid works of scholarship. He never mentions Shakespeare, and rebukes Donne because, as dean of St. Paul's, he continued to "versify." Even the growing friction between king and Parliament does not seem very dramatic in these letters. Chamberlain knew that the government was run by the king and his favorites, and he felt that parliamentary protests were merely noisy squalls which had little effect on policy. The really important struggles, in his eyes, were those between courtiers struggling for power and offices. He did realize that England was misgoverned under James, but he blamed it on personalities rather than policies. Many contemporaries, and even the leaders of Parliament, agreed with this diagnosis, which explains why the storm was so long in breaking.

More than anything else, Chamberlain is a chronicler of the beginnings of English respectability. The society which he portrays was already adopting the conventional pattern of life which was to persist for centuries. The upper classes struggled for social prestige and government pensions; they held their winter assemblies in London and made the rounds of country houses in the summer; they took the cure at Bath and arranged suitable marriages for their children. Chamberlain himself, calmly accepting the world as it was, uninterested in zealots and reformers, scornful of poets, seems to belong to the Augustan or Victorian rather than to the Elizabethan Age.

J. R. Strayer is a member of the Department of History of Princeton University.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Sydney Carton, in "A Tale of Two Cities," by Dickens.
2. "Barbara Frietchie," by John Greenleaf Whittier.
3. James Fitz-James, in "The Lady of the Lake," by Scott.
4. Juliet, in "Romeo and Juliet," by Shakespeare.
5. Uncle Tom, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe.
6. Bessie, in "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight," by Rose Hartwick Thorpe.
7. Paul Revere, in "Paul Revere's Ride," by Longfellow.
8. "The Virginian," by Owen Wister.
9. D'Artagnan, in "The Three Musketeers," by Dumas.
10. "The Highwayman," by Alfred Noyes.

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Education and Citizenship

GROUP EDUCATION FOR A DEMOCRACY. By William H. Kilpatrick. New York: Association Press. 1940. 215 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by R. L. WEST

IF the reader expects to find in this book a systematic and fresh discussion of the problems involved in educating groups for effective participation in a democratic society, he will be disappointed. For with the exception of a few pages, the work consists of articles and speeches previously written or delivered, dating from 1919 to 1939. On the other hand, the material is so arranged that one gets a definite understanding of Professor Kilpatrick's philosophy of education and his theories concerning the relationship of educational method to democratic citizenship.

Inasmuch as this philosophy is similar to that advocated by the so-called "progressive" movement in education which has had large influence on educational thought during the past few years, it is important that its implications be clearly grasped by the public.

Democracy is presented, not simply as a plan for political government, but as a way of life which demands respect for the individual personality of every citizen. Acceptance of such a definition means living democratically in all phases of life—home, school, industry, business, social affairs. Education is not to be thought of as mainly preparation for some future occupation or phase of life but as life itself, changing and developing as the child grows into maturity. All experience is educative in character so that Kilpatrick would undoubtedly agree with Ruskin that "we do not learn in order that we may live; rather, we live in order that we may learn."

Learning takes place, therefore, to the extent that the learner has "accepted" the experience involved in the learning and has incorporated this into his living and acting. Learning will be more effective and useful when the learner is vitally interested in the experiences in which he is taking part and when his definite "purpose" is in tune with the objectives of the experience. Inasmuch as education is lifelong, more opportunities must be provided for adult forms of learning than have hitherto been available. Indoctrination should be avoided and controversial subjects should be made a definite part of the school curriculum, although judgment should be exercised to use these in accordance with the maturity of the pupils.

With his insistence on freedom and purpose, Professor Kilpatrick condemns various types of coercion which are often used to produce learning. "Coercion," he says, "is just the opposite of purpose, and has (in nearly all respects) exactly the opposite effects on learning."

Whereas it would be highly desirable to have human beings constantly motivated by thirst for knowledge and a passion for hard work for coöperation with other people, the realities of living seem to show that all sorts of coercions act on people and often are the driving power behind acts that eventually advance or retard civilized life. Necessity for getting a living, for putting the children through college, for being loyal to friends and family or a political party are examples of coercions that make a man stick to his job during the hot weather, or write a book or make speeches which cause him agonizing hours of preparation. Lack of such coercions not infrequently produces the familiar wastage of human ability among the children of the rich. It may not be a bad preparation for the realities of life to have certain coercions recognized as necessary in the school experiences of children. Vital interests often develop from initial coercions.

It is apparent at the present moment that democracy will come under careful scrutiny in the next few years and that education has a large part in helping to develop citizens who can solve the complicated social and economic problems of our time. It is desirable to have as a foundation a philosophy of education which is in tune with the essential theories of democratic society. But democracy will not be saved by the pious expression of utopian goals. International peace does not result from prayers for goodwill or from petitions for disarmament sent to the League of Nations. If it did, the world would not be torn by war today. Consequently, much hard thinking will have to be done to translate the philosophy advocated in this book into the realistic conditions of the schools of America, handicapped as they are by inadequate public support and the conflicting interests of all kinds of adult groups.

R. L. West is president of State Teachers College, Trenton, N. J.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
OLD LOVER'S GHOST *Leslie Ford* (Scribners: $2.)	Unpopular city slicker finally bumped off during pack trip through Yellowstone, as "dead" man comes to life. Col. Primrose deduces.	Customary Ford blend of bright romance, color, and suspense makes very readable yarn with not unguessable plot.	Highly entertaining
THE LEFT LEG *Alice Tilton* (Norton: $2.)	Prof. Witherall's beard involves him in murder, theft, and other misdeeds which he solves with utter disrespect for Mass. police.	Sleuth with classic dome, brilliant imagination, and swarm of devoted abettors cracks puzzling case in jigtime midst much laughter.	Overwhelming
I HEARD THE DEATH BELL *Charlotte Murray Russell* (Crime Club: $2.)	Three murders in and near mid-western lake colony solved by waspish, egotistical, and dauntless Miss Edwards.	Antics of Edwards family and outspoken maid more interesting than crime-solving which concludes in old cliché.	Enjoyable
THE MURDER AT THE MUNITION WORKS *G. D. H. and Margaret Cole* (Macmillan: $2.)	Infernal machine blasts luckless spouse of British plant mgr. Philandering and unpopular husband generally suspected. Scotland Yarder Wilson takes over.	Labor squabbles in "phoney war" months capitally described and characters expertly drawn. But meticulously adagio sleuthing induces fidgets.	Bulldog breed

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Painter-Democrat

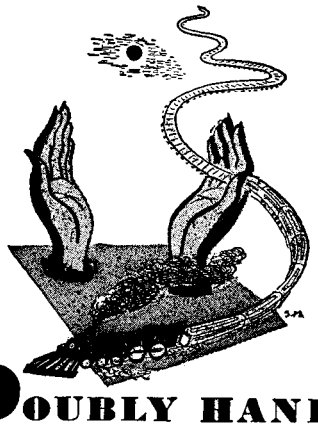
GEORGE CALEB BINGHAM OF MISSOURI. By Albert Christ-Janer. New York: Dodd, Mead. 1940. 171 *pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by OLIVER LARKIN

WHEN Dunlap published the first history of American Art, Bingham was not in it. The ambitious Missouri painter, then twenty-three, had just opened a studio in Columbia and was about to be appraised by the florid critic of the *Missouri Intelligencer* as a man whose style "combined more of the excellencies of the Leontine and Venetian than of the Lombard." Ten years later, Bingham painted his *Jolly Flatboatmen,* the first of many genre pictures in which fur traders paddle down muddy rivers, immigrants push through mountain gaps, and politicians harangue crowds—pictures keenly observed, skilfully composed, and painted with a sturdy sense of form and color.

It was Emerson who said, "Our log-rolling, our stumps, and their politics, our fisheries, our negroes and Indians, our boats and our repudiations, the wrath of rogues and the pusillanimity of honest men, the Northern trade, the Southern planting, the Western clearing, Oregon and Texas, are yet unsung." Though Bingham was no "genius with tyrannous eye," he sang Missouri. One hundred years after his first efforts in Columbia, Saint Louis gave his works their first widely publicized showing, an exhibition repeated at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Now he has his first full-length biography. Helen Rusk's monograph was brief, and written without the benefit of material which has since come to light; Mr. Christ-Janer draws upon old newspaper articles, recently discovered letters from the painter to his patron Rollins, the recollections of Rollins's son, the last living man who knew Bingham, and paintings, which had lain forgotten in their owners' attics. He shows us that Boon's Lick County, through which waves of immigrants passed on their way to the West, was far from being the uncouth, cultureless place which Easterners have imagined it. He recounts Bingham's career not only as a painter, but as a democrat who ran for public office, and intensely shared the political life of his state and country. He describes and dates the paintings which have so far been located. He reproduces Bingham's cool-headed remarks on the Louvre when the artist first saw it in 1856, and the discourse in which the Missouri painter defended the imitation of nature against Ruskin. There are reproductions in black and white and in none too faithful color, of such genre scenes as *Verdict of the People, Raftsmen Playing Cards,* and *Daniel Boone Coming Through the Cumberland Gap;* and there are fifty-six pencil and brush drawings, which Bingham made in preparation for his finished compositions, and which reveal a gifted draughtsman.

It would be foolish to inflate Bingham's talent by ascribing to him currently fashionable attributes. Mr. Christ-Janer wisely does him justice as the best genre painter of the 1840's and 50's. This modesty would have been approved by Bingham, who once expressed the hope that his work would "assure us that our social and political characteristics as daily and annually exhibited will not be lost in the lapse of time for want of an Art record rendering them full justice."



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A Triumph for Labor

AS STEEL GOES. . . . By Robert R. Brooks. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1940. 275 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by PALMER HARMAN

MOST of the great class disputes in American life get themselves settled, or at least legislated on, when they cease to be private fights and become affected with a public interest. But the solution comes only with a favorable conjuncture of circumstances. Professor Brooks, without greatly emphasizing the social aspects of the labor question, has described with penetrating insight the three conditions which made it possible for labor to carry through its unionization of the greater part of the steel industry in 1937.

First was the painful groping of the separate company unions toward consolidation and a real bargaining status, aided by the growing aggressiveness of the rank-and-file members of the moribund Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers. Second was the powerful intervention of the C.I.O., which largely took over the existing labor organizations and expanded their membership. Finally, the New Deal, moving in a climate of reform, had already provided the legislation, in the National Labor Relations Act of 1935, needed to implement a labor victory.

Perhaps a fourth factor should be added. The Steel Corporation, which dramatically came to terms with John L. Lewis's C.I.O. on March 2, 1937, preferred statesmanship to a fight, sensing an identity between good business and good public policy. The six companies comprising "Little Steel" did not see it that way and bloody strikes followed. The tragic struggle of that year illustrated the fact that the law cannot give labor anything which labor does not first seize for itself, and the workers in "Little Steel" were not sufficiently organized. Before there can be collective bargaining the workers must know their own minds well enough to choose or establish a union as bargaining agent.

Mr. Brooks has written frankly from the workers' point of view, obtaining much of his material by field investigations. The book is enlivened and authenticated by direct narratives given by labor organizers within the industry. How these men struggled against poverty, ignorance, lack of leadership, divided counsels, and their own awe in the presence of the big boss, makes a striking chapter in industrial history. Others have written of this movement with partisan fire and class rancor. Mr. Brooks, vigorous but dispassionate, has not a vituperative adjective for any of the steel magnates. He sums up in twenty-five pages the story of steel unionism prior to the great depression and devotes the rest of the book to the epochal events centering around the Wagner Act of 1935.

The book's title is explained by the saying, "As steel goes, so goes the nation." Even if steel is to set the pattern (which may be doubted), there is still a question as to how labor organization in the industry is going. Its future is shadowed by war and darkened by unemployment. Yet the progress of the last five years is unmistakable, and it looks solid.

Palmer Harman, an occasional contributor to the Saturday Review, *is a writer on economics who is a former member of the financial staff of the* New York Evening Post.

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THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

THE ENGLISH AIR. By D. E. Stevenson. Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 317 *pp.* $2.50.

If it is possible to write a hearty, romantic novel about today's harsh conflict of ideologies, Miss Stevenson has done it. She likes people, all people, and can lavish upon representatives of the Nazi idea that same tender compassion which she has always devoted, in earlier books, to her Miss Buncle and Miss Dean. Also, she has a superb faith in the English air. It seems to her compounded of the spiritual essences of liberty, fair play, high-mindedness, altruism, a heady wine that must infuse all who breathe it and make of them, whether they know it or not, Englishmen. Thus we have Franz von Heiden, a young Nazi who comes to England actually to spy out the local morale and report home to his Gestapo. But he remains to breathe the English air, to become quite de-Nazified, and even to return to Germany for the purpose of carrying on anti-Nazi activity. He is rescued from the dangers of this arduous task and brought back to, yes, his England and his English sweetheart. Their star-crossed love heightens the tale and gives it lyric accent. Throughout there is Miss Stevenson's quiet certainty; the prospect may not please, yet man cannot be vile. Certainly "The English Air" is as refreshing as it is wistful; it makes the actual stuff that fills our atmosphere even more unpalatable.

N. L. R.

CANDLES IN THE NIGHT. Jewish Tales by Gentile Authors. Edited by Joseph L. Baron. Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 391 *pp.* $2.50.

There are twenty-three tales here, all tales of Jews by Gentile authors. The collection spans more than six centuries, ranging from Boccaccio to Sinclair Lewis, and it casts in totality a comforting and illusory light: comforting in its accumulated evidence of a common humanity, illusory because these twenty-three candles are indeed plucked out of a vast night of centuries which they never even faintly illumined. They are infinitely finer and truer, as Mr. Carl Van Doren points out in a powerful, short preface, than the "false and evil nonsense . . . of anti-Semitic literature," but they will not reach the same audience. It is worth noting that the best of these tales are those least concerned with hating anti-Semitism and most concerned with the Jew as a character. That is why Chekhov's "Rothschild's Fiddle," or Ricarda Huch's "The Jew's Grave," is superior in tone and effect to a more modern, conscience-stricken tale like Hamlen Hunt's "The Saluting Doll." Too, there is the strong tendency to argue, against the fallacy of the Jew as devil, the opposing fallacy of the Jew as wounded angel. There is nowhere in this collection a portrait of the Jew as a complex man with the capacity and the right to be as good and as rascally as any man. There is such a portrait in "Ulysses," and Leopold Bloom remains the best Jew in modern literature.

N. L. R.

TOO DEAR FOR MY POSSESSING. By Pamela Hansford Johnson. Carrick & Evans. 1940. 383 *pp.* $2.50.

Mrs. Johnson is one of the industrious and promising young English novelists. Not yet thirty, she has seven novels to her credit. "Too Dear for My Possessing" gives one the feeling of a first novel, sensitive, keenly felt, and dexterously written, but somehow not authentically mature. Its theme is one which can be unbearably poignant or gently sentimental, the story of an artist spirit in an alien world, and the novel is neither. It is the thoroughly competent, better than average, story of Claud Pickering and his wistful, unrealized love not only for Cecil Arden but for Beauty. Claud tells it in his own words—how he lived as a little boy in Bruges with his novelist father and Helena, the elder Pickering's vivid, earthy mistress, and how he discovered the deserted house one day when he was paddling along a canal, the house he never entered but which became a symbol for him of half-expressed, remote desire. He is a child when he first meets Cecil, a leggy, carrot-headed girl whose imaginings run along with his and who reappears for brief intervals during his early manhood, a symbol, like the house, and as unattainable.

When his father marries Helena and she becomes pregnant Claud is sent off to England to school. Here he grows up, tries painting, and becomes a minor art critic as an escape from his conventional banking house job. He marries Meg, his secretary, and loves her for a while as a defense against his greater passion for Cecil —who by this time has made a sensation in musical comedy. Before long his marriage loses everything but he has no chance of a divorce against Meg's possessiveness. Cecil dies, and Meg then divorces Claud to marry a hearty Colonial cousin. As you can see there are variations on the theme of "The Constant Nymph." Some of the characters, especially the secondary ones, are extraordinarily interesting and decisive.

R. L.

THE BIRD IN THE TREE. By Elizabeth Goudge. Coward-McCann. 1940. 339 *pp.* $2.50.

A novel such as this one by Miss Goudge leads one to despair of ever achieving objective criticism. The whole problem here hinges upon the question: just how much of sentiment and soul can you abide in a novel? If you feel that we could do with a great deal more of sentiment than is apparent in the world today, and that an analysis of sensitive souls is an inexhaustible source of beautiful writing, then this story will be in fact a happy experience. Its setting is a rustic, sunny, British seatown, and its people are the Eliots, who dwell in a leafy, ancestral paradise called Da-

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merosehay. Grandmother Eliot, three children, two dogs, faithful retainer—they are all endowed with a positively visible halo of transcendentalism. They emit a soft light of soulfulness, trailing clouds of glory as they move and speak. The mood is everywhere tender, reminiscent, and unworldly; even the dog's anguished tail wags its intimation of immortality. There is a rueful love story too, a parable of nobility. The whole novel is written in a flawless, lucent prose. But if you can absorb so much of tenderness and light, and no more, this book will carry you to the point of supersaturation. Then, to labor the analogy, the story will seem to crystallize, and turn thick and treacly. You will wish, in vain, for someone to do something harsh, or say something mean. This is obviously unreasonable, and a matter not of criticism but that old, sinful dodge, de gustibus.

N. L. R.

International

THE LONG WATCH IN ENGLAND. By Eugene and Arline Lohrke. Holt. 1940. 243 *pp.* $2.

In May, 1939, two American writers provided a novel interpretation of the Sudetenland crisis and Munich agreement by describing the effect of Mr. Chamberlain's appeasement policy upon a small village in Sussex. Combining sympathy for the bewildered villagers, distrust of British diplomacy, and a fluent style, the Lohrkes were remarkably successful in analyzing the confusion, uncertainty, and growing resentment of the common people. Now, one year later, they seek to duplicate the achievement of "Night over England" by further exploring the social relationships and intellectual processes of their Sussex village.

Like most sequels, this one is disappointing. Little but embroidery is added to the original; the basic pattern remains unchanged. The Lohrkes introduce new characters, including the village drunk, and broaden their horizon to consider some of the larger issues in contemporary British life. Their interpretation is not tied this time, however, to a specific episode like the Munich surrender; and, in fact, it fails to follow the rapid changes in public opinion and government policy that resulted from Hitler's invasion of Prague on March 15, 1939. The night over England becomes merely darker and gloomier.

In expanding this unusual method of examining national policy, the Lohrkes underline its defects. They keep the discussion entirely on the level of personalities, dividing their attention between the heroic villagers and the villainous Tories. They barely analyze, except indirectly and incompletely, the broader factors underlying British policy—such as changing economic conditions, the menace of new weapons, and the general political and moral malaise of western Europe. The Lohrkes, moreover, seem to judge the England of 1938-39 *in vacuo,* without reference to the inefficiencies of government, the greed of politicians, and the weakness of human nature in many other countries.

In its own quiet way, "The Long Watch in England" condemns the British to defeat and their empire to destruction as unequivocably as one of Dr. Goebbels's speeches. The Lohrkes so far have been correct; the war on the western front ended as quickly and decisively as Britain's campaign in central Norway.

J. F. G.

Miscellaneous

PUBLIC CONTROL OF BUSINESS. By Harlan Fiske Stone. Howell, Soskin. 1940. 324 *pp.* $3.50.

Supreme Court Justice Harlan F. Stone is a great American. One of the few "old-timer" liberals now on the Yankee top bench, he has never gone to excess, but always has retained a respected moderate position, rather like that of Chief Justice Charles E. Hughes.

For this reason, Stone's impressive book merits attention in these columns. It consists, primarily, of his "selected opinions." The book's editor is Alfred Lief, himself an author concerned with the late Justice Holmes and Justice Brandeis—and something of an authority on "dissenting opinions." Stone, the editor points out, generally worked on the Court in close coöperation with Holmes and Brandeis, and also with that fourth liberal, austere Justice Cardozo, who enjoys a peculiar juridical fame in the upper brackets.

A list of the Stone topics tells its own judicial-economic story. They run: competition and monopoly, employer obligations to labor, corporate practices, public utility rate-making, taxing government instrumentalities, regulation by the states, state taxing powers, and range of federal powers. There is, too, an excellent index for the serious-minded. Employer obligations, and regulation by the states, are perhaps the most important of these main divisions. But taxation is given extended treatment, and it might be remembered, in this connection, that the tax problem was the primary motif of the sometimes forgotten American Revolution.

R. S.

EDUCATION AND ECONOMIC WELL-BEING IN AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. Washington: Educational Policies Commission (National Education Association of the United States and the American Association of School Administrators). 1940. 227 *pp., with index.*

This country, which has set up the most comprehensive and costly system of free education in the world, has never been able to say precisely why it did so. One result has been that in the economic pinch of recent years there has been no clear answer to the question whether educational expenditures ought to be cut more or less heavily than other items, or whether instruction ought to be directed toward the aim of getting a living, at the expense of cultural training.

As the title indicates, this book stresses the economic aspect of education. Its principal argument is that more schooling (not mere vocational training) will make us better producers and consumers. Valuable human material is being wasted because family poverty and poor school facilities shut the door of opportunity to gifted boys and girls. Ten years' compulsory school attendance, with fourteen years' average attendance, is recommended as a goal. Two tests should be applied in determining how much education to supply. The first is the capacity of students to absorb instruction. Second, expenditure should be increased as long as the "productivity" of each addition to school facilities exceeds the additional outlay.

As ideals, these tests may be beyond reproach, but practically there is no means of applying them. The sobering thought arises that, on the second test, costs may already, in these years of depression, be exceeding returns and should be cut if education is to pay its way. Yet no policy could be more tragic.

One thing which we cannot afford is to create a class of peasants and proletarians who will demand nothing better because they know nothing better.

P. H.

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Miscellaneous

HEROES OF THE AIR. By Chelsea Fraser. Crowell. 1940. 874 *pp.* $2.50.

The 1940 version of this work, which by successive additions to repeated editions, has become something like an annual of remarkable flights, contains twenty-eight pages more than that of 1939. They recount a transcontinental trip by a Flying Fortress, three of those refuelled endurance flights that resemble dance marathons, Chapman's 1120-mile overland jaunt in a seaplane; the light plane convention at Miami, and the installation of the Transatlantic Clipper service. The book seems to work away from the front cover by a law of literary inverse squares; as it lengthens, the individual accounts shorten, lose human interest, and tend to turn into round masses of statistics. Still it is the only work of its kind and quite adequately covers the incidents of civil aviation from 1919 to now.

F. P.

War

FLETCHER PRATT'S NAVAL WAR GAME. New York: Harrison-Hilton. 1940. $1.

Mr. Pratt's naval war game, is ingeniously conceived and well executed. It should interest all those who wish to know about the functions of warships and their fighting capabilities. The idea it carries out is not new, for the Naval War College at Newport has had what is called a war game, or the Factional Game Board, for years, one more intricate and professionally in the study of maneuvers and tactical dispositions than is Mr. Pratt's game. Mr. Pratt, however, should give the layman considerable information about naval ships and their uses that could not be obtained so graphically even by wide reading on naval tactics.

Mr. Pratt's description of the game and the rules for playing it are clear and easy to understand. The text of the book is interesting and should whet the appetite of any naval "fan" to get together the material described and play the game on his extended dining table or on the living room floor with the rugs rolled back.

It is not beyond the realm of possibility that Fletcher Pratt's War Game may succeed in stimulating the introduction of tactical methods better than anything yet devised by naval tacticians. Who knows?

I recommend Mr. Pratt's War Game to all those who are interested in our Navy, and am convinced that should they read the book they will be keen to play the game.

May I add that Mr. Pratt's favorite artist, with her very simple clever technique, not only adorns the book but helps greatly in the explanation of the game.

REAR ADMIRAL YATES STIRLING, JR. (ret.)

Double-Crostics: No. 332

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

	1-H		2-E	3-X	4-S		5-Q	6-A		7-W	8-T	9-I	10-U	11-G		12-P
13-R		14-R	15-B		16-X	17-D	18-C	19-V	20-A	21-P	22-B	23-K	24-M	25-U		26-C
27-D		28-X	29-E	30-V	31-K		32-E	33-B	34-H		35-C	36-R	37-Q		38-I	39-Q
40-W	41-E	42-S	43-B		44-O	45-C	46-E	47-G	48-X		49-D		50-V	51-F	52-L	53-Q
54-U	55-T	56-K		57-K	58-A		59-R	60-B	61-C		62-M	63-N	64-W	65-D	66-S	
67-A	68-C	69-D		70-S	71-G	72-E		73-W	74-R	75-I	76-A	77-K		78-G	79-W	80-M
81-T		82-H	83-U		84-N	85-T	86-O	87-R	88-E	89-P	90-M	91-X	92-L	93-H	94-U	
95-U	96-H	97-Q	98-F		99-S	100-I	101-A	102-Q	103-L	104-D		105-W	106-L	107-K	108-F	109-U
	110-T	111-O	112-J	113-H		114-J	115-B	116-P		117-M	118-T	119-L	120-V	121-S	122-F	123-B
124-G		125-B	126-R	127-J	128-S		129-B	130-C	131-P		132-D	133-P		134-O	135-L	136-P
	137-F	138-H		139-J		140-V	141-Q	142-E	143-L	144-N		145-W	146-C	147-S	148-A	
149-E	150-Q	151-H		152-T	153-V	154-U	155-C	156-D		157-G	158-S	159-W	160-X	161-N	162-O	163-A
164-B	165-L	166-V		167-J	168-B		169-H	170-A		171-P	172-W	173-T	174-J	175-U	176-Q	
177-G	178-P	179-M	180-T	181-N	182-I	183-O	184-A									

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary ***(1938 edition).***

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Contemporary.

B. Valley in Yosemite N'tl Park (2 wds.)

C. Causing abrasion or friction.

D. Tutti passage in a concerto.

E. Surname pseudonym of "Salmagundi" publishers (1807).

F. First name of Sec. of State 1905-1909.

G. Excess of gratification.

H. Supplementary player (music).

I. One instructed in a secret system.

J. Ancestral.

K. Dutch statesman (1625-1672).

L. Whiten, bleach.

M. Noisy racketing (colloq.-comp.)

N. Defects.

O. Tricksy.

P. English artist and illustrator (1846-1886).

Q. Thoroughgoing (comp.)

R. Duke of Norfolk in "Richard II."

S. Tool, utensil, etc.

T. Pianoforte piece, free, exuberant, of many themes (Schumann).

U. Character in "Henry IV.," Pt. I.

V. Apt to cause satiety or loafing.

W. Sanction officially.

X. Not at all.

WORDS

184 6 148 20 67 101 163 58 76 170

33 123 168 43 129 125 60 22 164 115 15

130 35 61 68 146 26 155 18 45

156 49 132 27 65 17 69 104

41 29 72 2 142 32 46 88 149

108 51 122 98 137

124 177 78 157 71 47 11

151 1 138 96 34 93 169 82 113

100 9 75 38 182

112 127 167 114 139 174

56 31 107 23 57 77

119 143 91 106 52 103 165 135

62 24 80 179 90 117

63 84 161 144 181

86 162 44 183 134 111

171 21 89 131 116 178 133 136 12

37 39 97 141 5 176 150 53 102

14 13 36 74 87 126 59

42 99 147 121 128 70 66 158 4

81 180 85 8 173 118 152 110 55

94 10 175 25 54 83 95 154 109

30 50 140 120 9 166 153

73 105 145 7 79 40 172 159 64

28 3 91 16 48 160

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Jonathan Daniels

The tar-heel editor of the Raleigh *News* and *Observer* is already well known as the roving author who two years ago "discovered the South", and more recently New England. He now brings to the pages of *The Nation* every week his fresh ideas and personal commentary on affairs large and small, serious and light, domestic and international.

Within the Gates

That the enemy within the gates may be as formidable as the enemy that storms them has been proved in the bloody history of Norway, the Low Countries, and France. A new bi-weekly page will expose those fifth-column elements whose activities are undermining the security of the American people.

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TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS

WHATEVER weather happens, when the calendar turns into August the Trade considers the autumn season beginning. The book business follows the course of human thinking and feeling probably closer and quicker than any other goods, whether plain or fancy. Autumn 1940 will have plenty of exciting titles, and whether the plural of doldrum is doldrums or doldra, there is no need for a bookseller to be too pessimistic. ☞Ourself, we look forward with special interest to *J'Accuse* by André Simone ("the inside story of the men who betrayed the French nation"), and *Faith for Living,* by Lewis Mumford, and that remarkable essay by Tolischus describing the Wagnerian elements in Hitlerism. The Tolischus book (*They Wanted War*) would have been a lulu if it had confined itself to the Wagner motif and not added a paste-up of run-of-the-time newspaper correspondence.

★ ★

☞The first volume to appear under the new imprint of Wilfred Funk is the lively *Why England Slept*, by John F. Kennedy, of which Henry Luce says "I hope 1,000,000 Americans will read it." ☞Mr. Kennedy is zealous for hyphens and gives them to most English statesmen, for instance he speaks of Liddell-Hart, Duff-Cooper, and "Hoare-Belisha" (sic). ☞His title, of course, is suggested by Winston Churchill's *Why England Slept*. ☞Meanwhile the past week-end was so fantastically hot that the only book that could hold Quercus's attention was something simple and juicy and humane as huckleberry pie, *viz.*, H. B. Hough's *Country Editor*. Mr. Hough tells of 20 years adventures with the little *Vineyard Gazette*, on the island of Martha's Vineyard. It saddens us to realize that we have not visited that island since we put in there for shelter in 1903.

★ ★

☞A subscriber in New Bedlam (Penna.) says our description of the portrait of Marie Corelli suggests a touch of sadism. "If a *swatch* of crimson velvet," he asks, "why not a *switch* of the same flagellant fibre?" ☞More important, we had a letter from the Scottish sculptor and woodcarver Alec Miller (now living in California) telling many interesting anecdotes of Marie Corelli, whose trail he crossed in Argyllshire in the early days of her fame, and when she was still known to Scottish neighbors as Minnie Mackay. ☞As for the famous window-boxes on her house in Stratford, Alec Miller tells us that he carved them himself. He says, "You may not remember that they were carved, but I assure you they were, with a sort of Jacobean strapwork." This was done by Mr. Miller at his studio in Campden (in the Cotswolds, not far from Stratford) about 1905. ☞Heinz Norden says he thinks Old Q. in error in suggesting *extat* as a variation from *extant*. He believes that strict purism would require the participles, *extans* in singular and *extantes* in plural. ☞A romantic title is a pamphlet just issued by the British Admiralty: *An Account of Events Before, During and After the Self Destruction of the Admiral Graf Spee*. This is available from the British Library of Information, 50 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. C.

★ ★

☞We were delighted to hear that Helen Crosby, formerly of the *SRL* staff, has re-entered publishing circles as secretary to Milton Runyon, the advertising manager of Doubleday Doran. ☞Dodd Mead & Company have taken over from Kennedy Brothers a distinguished list of books on yachting, navigation and various nautical topics. This is a valuable addition to Dodd Mead's already handsome cargo of maritime titles. ☞Duell, Sloan and Pearce announce for August *The Irresponsibles* by Archibald MacLeish, the recent [redacted] in which Mr. MacLeish reproaches the writers of his own generation for having corrupted the morale of their juniors. ☞Walter Spofford, librarian of the University Club of Chicago, and several other correspondents also, note that the "Jefferson" Bible was first published by the Government Printing Office in Washington, in 1904. This was instructed by the 57th Congress which authorized an edition of 9,000 copies at the public expense.

★ ★

☞The American Youth Commission (which is non-partisan, non-sectarian, non-governmental) has published several remarkable volumes on Negro Youth—for instance *In a Minor Key* by Ira Reid, *Children of Bondage* by Davis and Dollard, etc. You would be interested by the Commission's circulars, obtainable from 744 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C. ☞That blithe and well-informed bookseller Louis Greenfield is now on the road in his buggy, on his annual tour in New England villages that have no bookshops. Three of his favorite parking-spots in Connecticut will see him first, Stonington, Washington, and Washington Depot. ☞Louis offers a good gam to his browsers, and "peddles tomes" (his favorite phrase) of all sorts. ☞All he asks of hospitable selectmen or police departments is the privilege of parking somewhere near library or p. o. or wherever the more literary citizens are likely to pass. ☞Ronald Mansbridge, of Macmillan, says one of his favorite tailors' advertisements is the Japanese, "Ladies have fits upstairs."

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